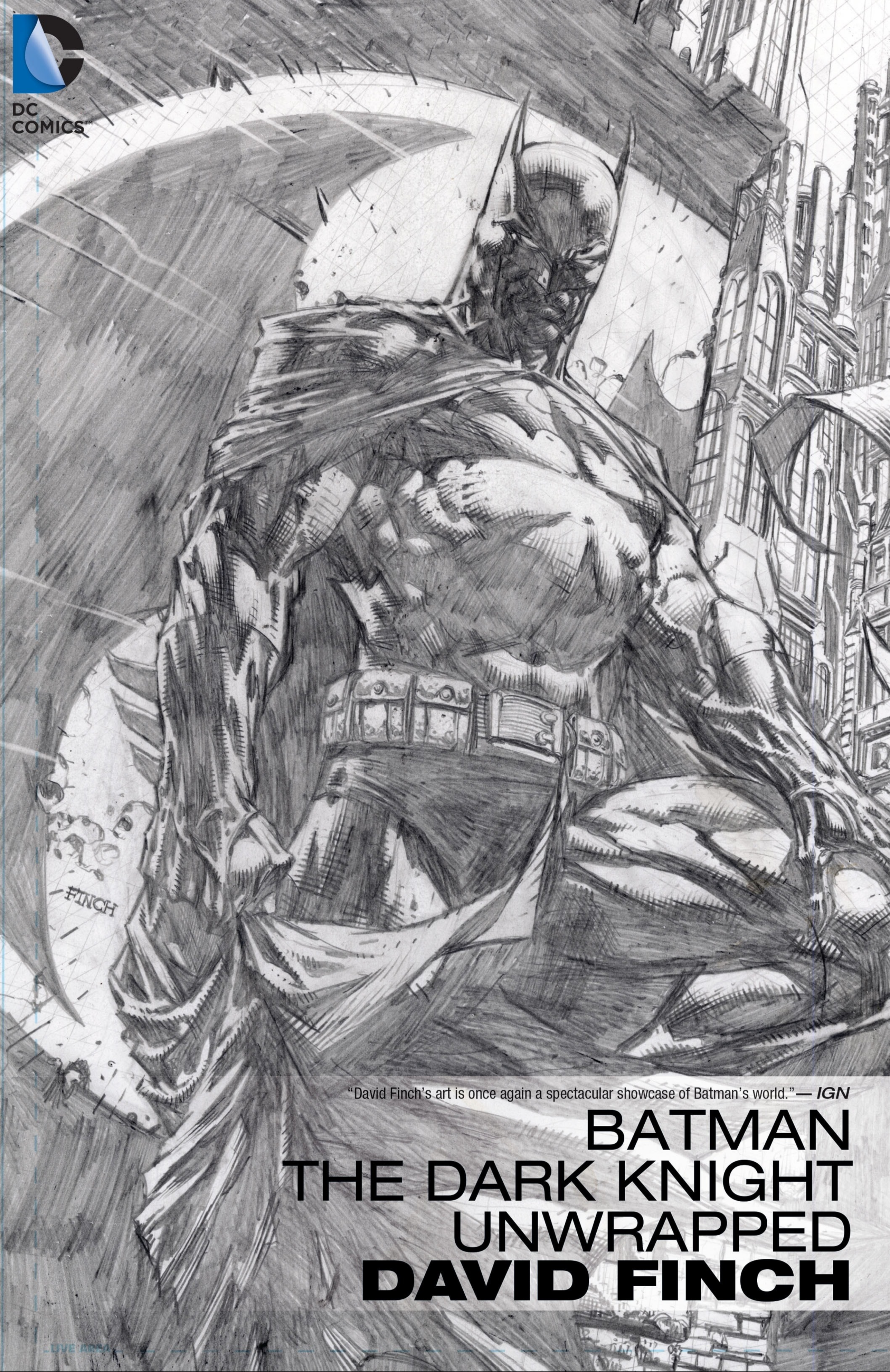

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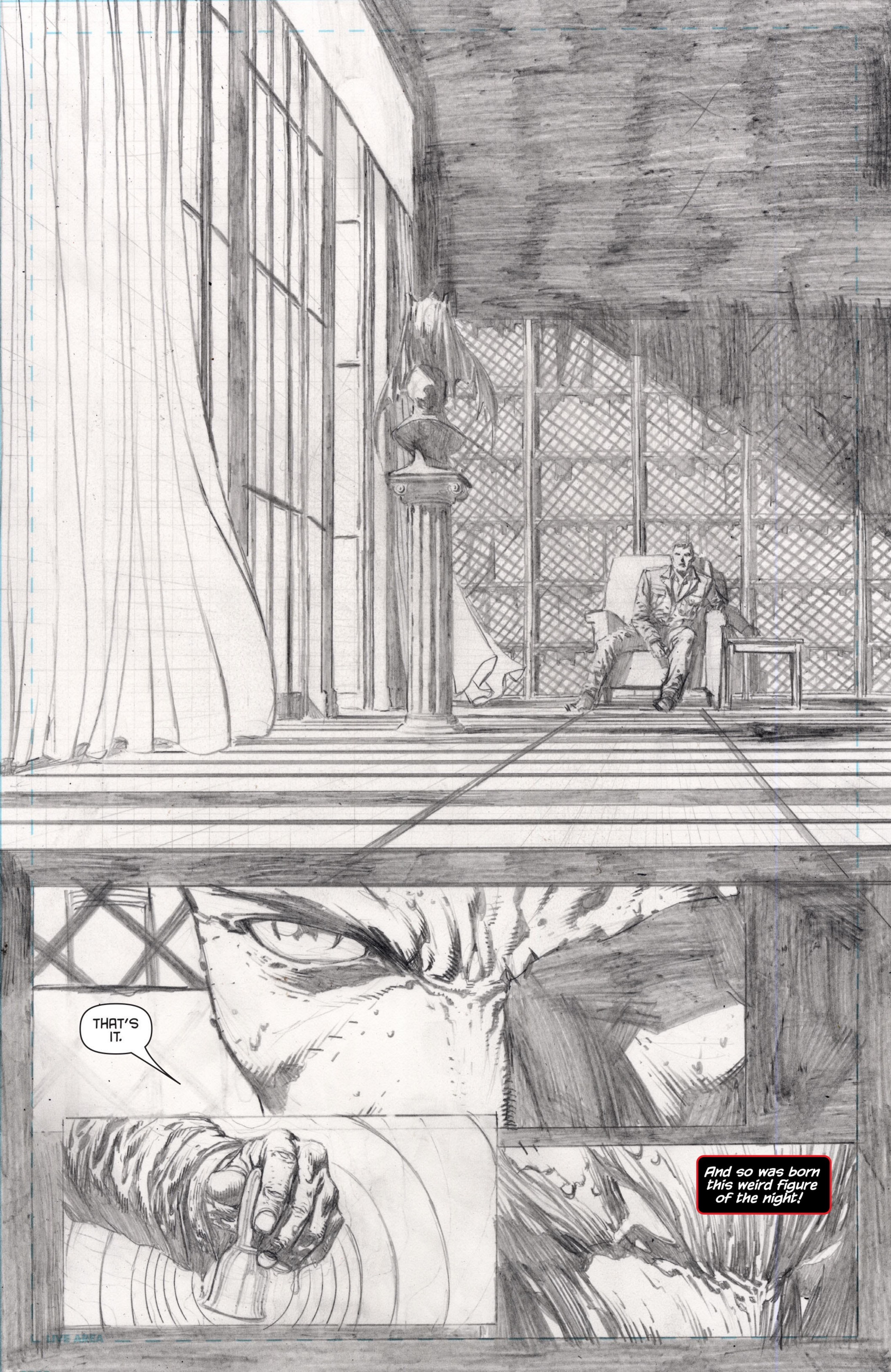
THAT'S IT.
And so was born this weird figure of the night!

CROP
BLEED
1" LIVE AREA
PRINTED COVER SIZE: 6 5/8 X 10 3/16
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MINIMUM BLEED 1/8 ALL AROUND
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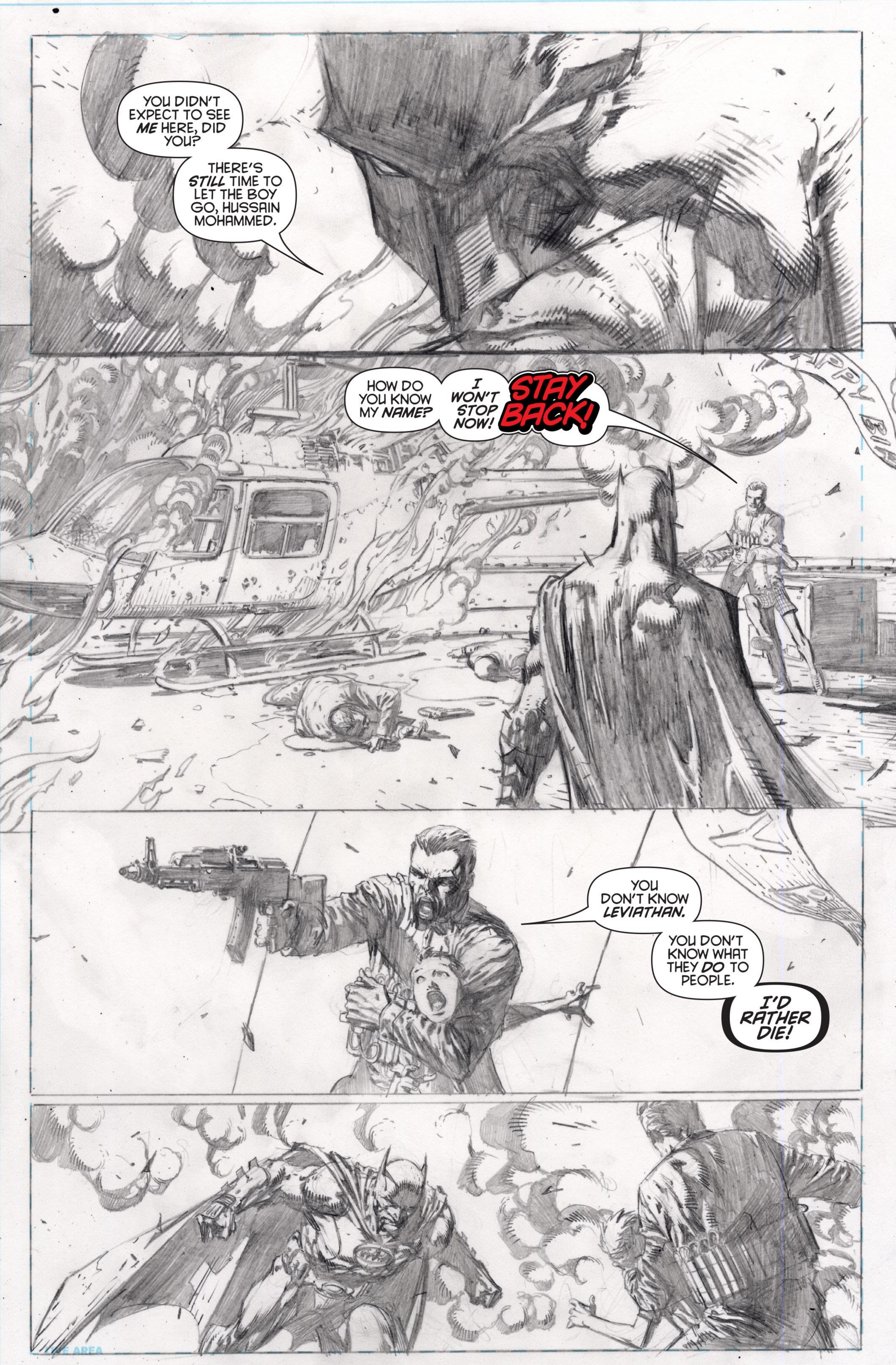
YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE *ME* HERE, DID YOU?
THERE'S *STILL* TIME TO LET THE BOY GO, HUSSAIN MOHAMMED.
HOW DO YOU KNOW MY *NAME?*
I WON'T STOP NOW!
STAY BACK!
YOU DON'T KNOW *LEVIATHAN.*
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY *DO* TO PEOPLE.
I'D RATHER DIE!

HOW CAN I REWARD YOU?
THE BOY IS MY LIFE.
TAKE MONEY... CARS...
...J-JEWELS...
YOU HAVE NOTHING I WANT, FAROUK.
WHAT HUSSAIN KNOWS WILL DESTROY YOU.
AND I KNOW WHAT HUSSAIN KNOWS.
YOU'RE NEXT.
?

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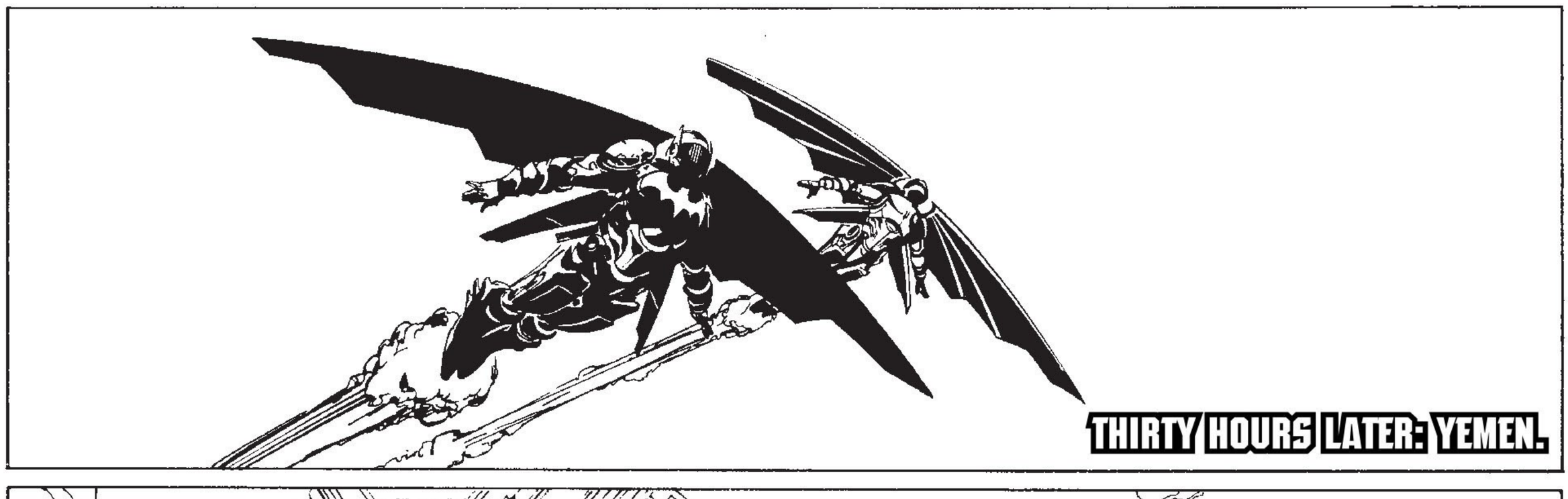
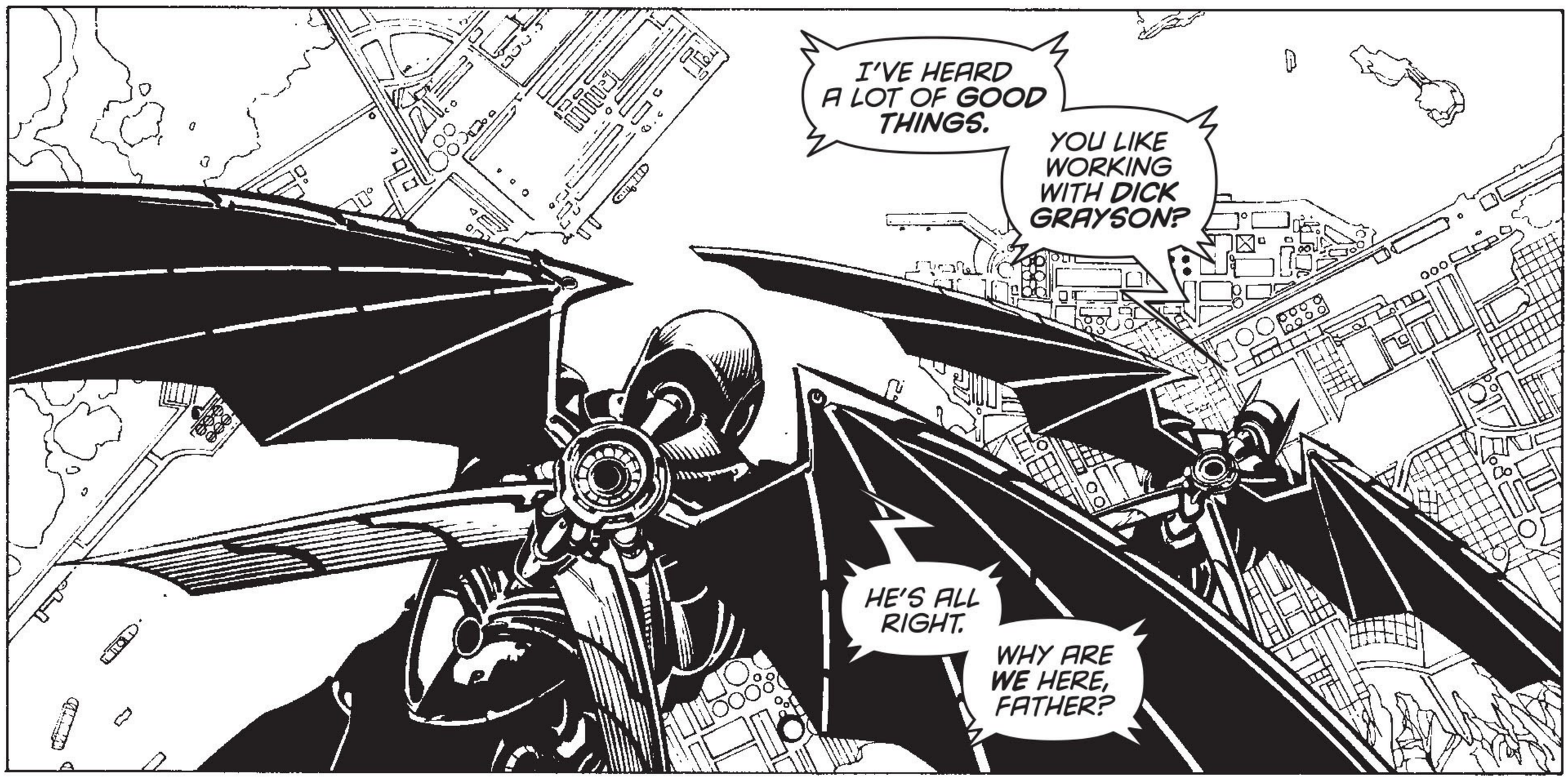
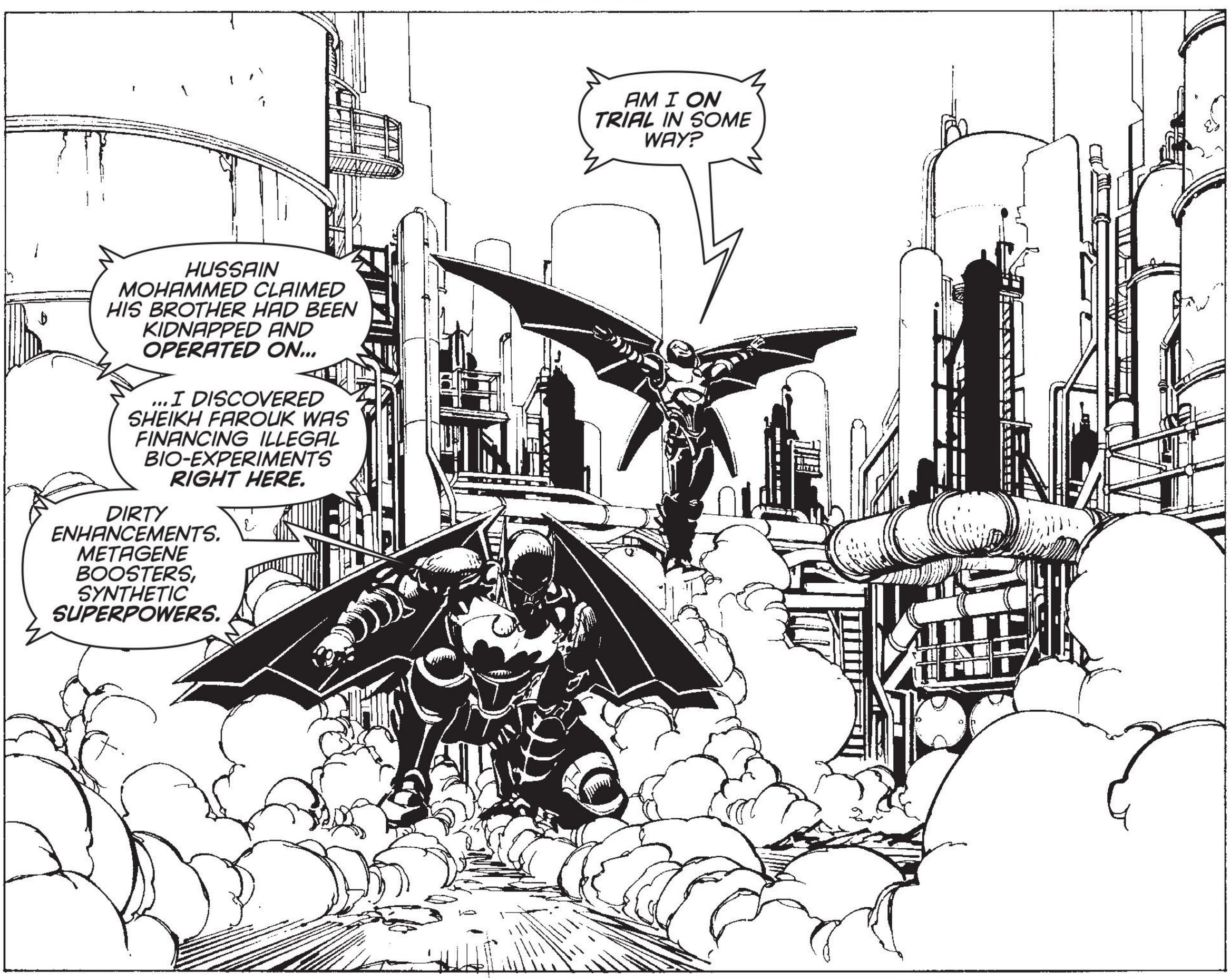
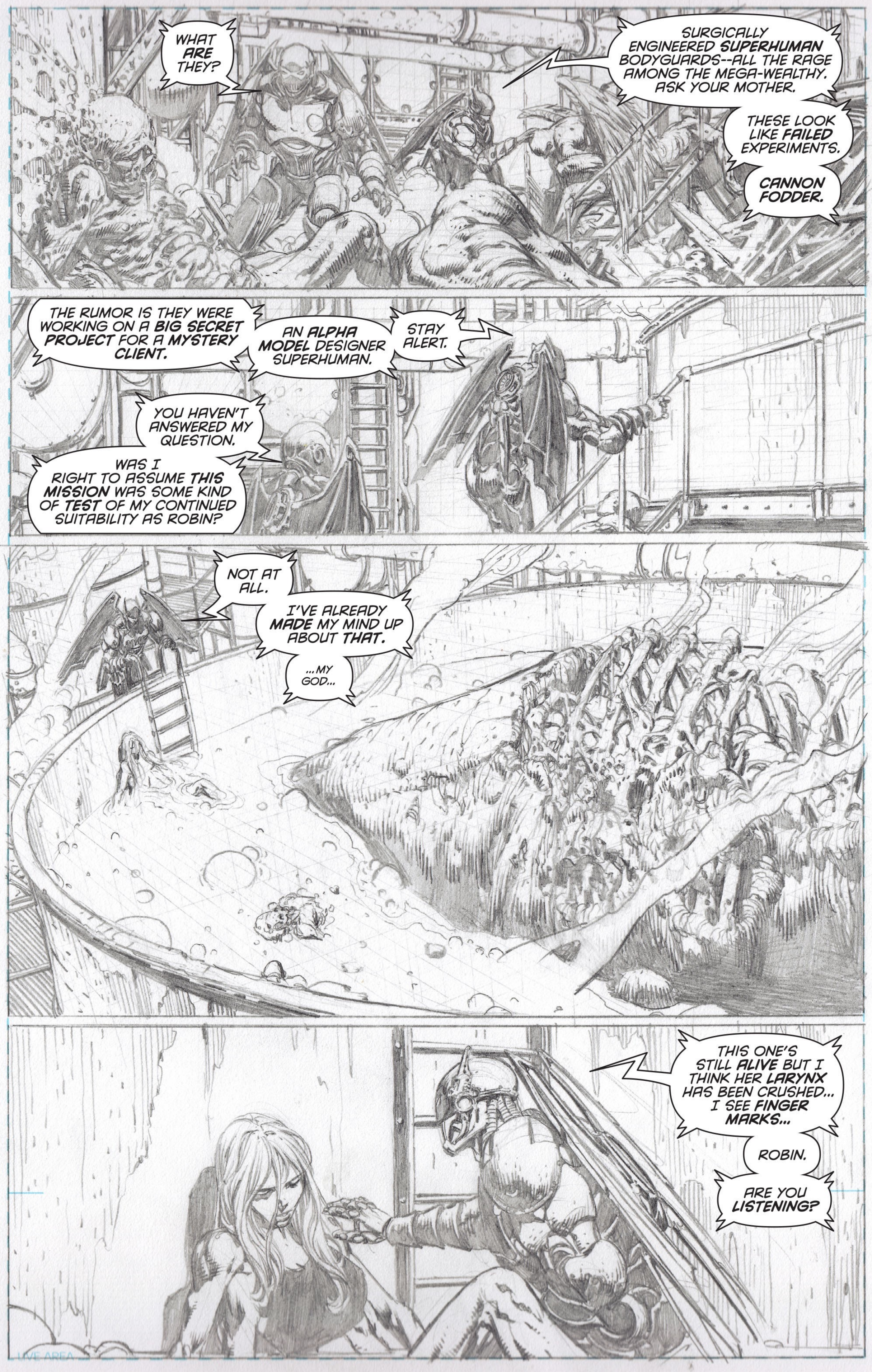
I WENT THROUGH A FEW FAIRLY UNUSUAL EXPERIENCES EVEN FOR ME RECENTLY.
YOU ALL KNOW I CONSIDER YOU MY CLOSEST CRIMEFIGHTING ASSOCIATES AND THAT'S WHY I'M STARTING THIS HERE, WITH ALL OF YOU.
WE'LL SPEAK INDIVIDUALLY. BUT YOU'LL EACH FIND SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS IN THE ENVELOPES.
STARTING TODAY, WE FIGHT IDEAS WITH BETTER IDEAS.
THE IDEA OF CRIME WITH THE IDEA OF BATMAN.
FROM TODAY ON, BATMAN WILL BE EVERYWHERE IT'S DARK, NO PLACE TO HIDE.

TWO HOURS LATER: WAYNETECH R&D.
...I'M AUTHORIZING A MASSIVE CASH INJECTION, LUCIUS.
WE'RE INVESTING IN BLEEDING EDGE TECHNOLOGY AND WORKING PROTOTYPES TO SUPPORT BATMAN'S WAR ON CRIME.
=TT=
MY PLEASURE, MR. WAYNE.
THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE.
IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK TO YOUR OLD SELF.
THESE ARE THE LATEST TEST DRIVE MODELS.
MILITARY RECALL, CONSIDERED TOO RISKY FOR DEPLOYMENT, ALTHOUGH THE MODIFICATIONS I MADE TO THE KEYPAD SHOULD IRON OUT ANY BUGS.
IT MAY TAKE A LITTLE GETTING USED TO...
HH
THE G.I. ROBOT PROGRAM. RECALLED AFTER THEY RAN ROGUE.
I NEED A THOUSAND BY SPRING.
SOMETHING TOLD ME YOU'D SAY SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT YOUR FRIEND BATMAN MIGHT BE VERY INTERESTED IN THE POTENTIAL OF REMOTE-CONTROLLED SOLDIERS.


THIRTY HOURS LATER: YEMEN.

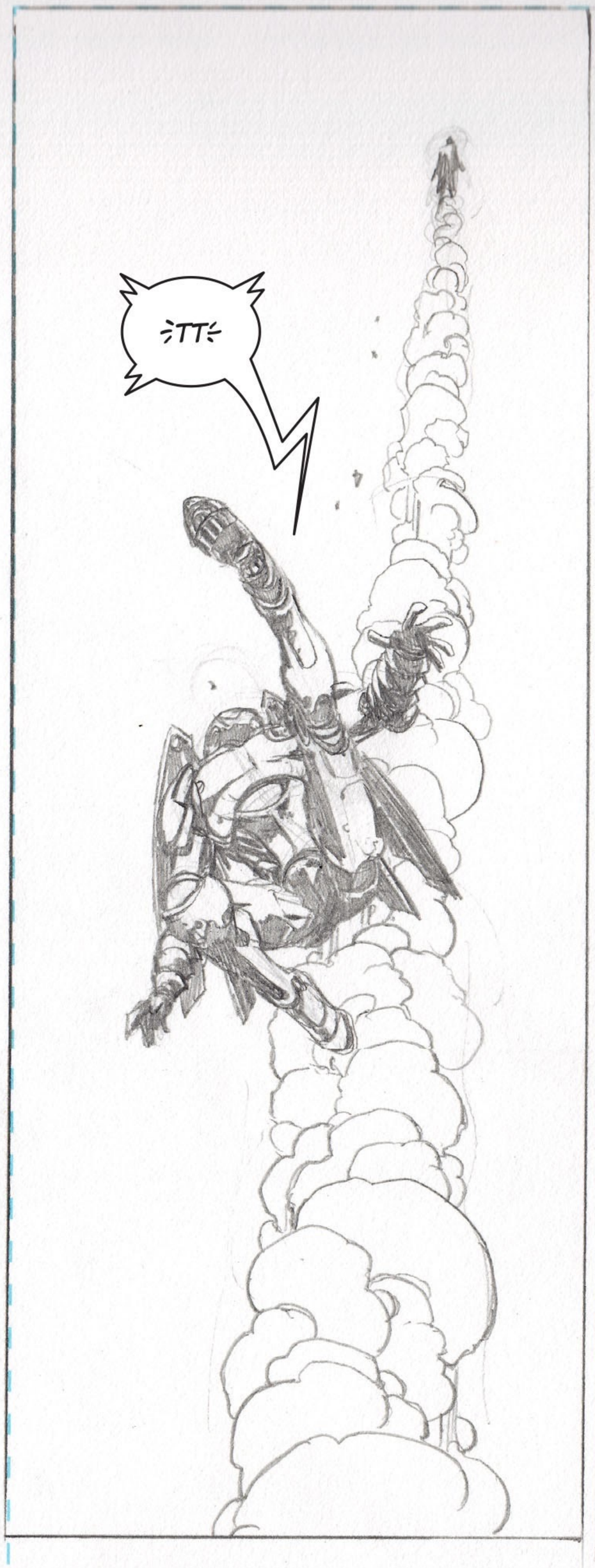

I'VE HEARD A LOT OF GOOD THINGS.
YOU LIKE WORKING WITH DICK GRAYSON?
HE'S ALL RIGHT.
WHY ARE WE HERE, FATHER?

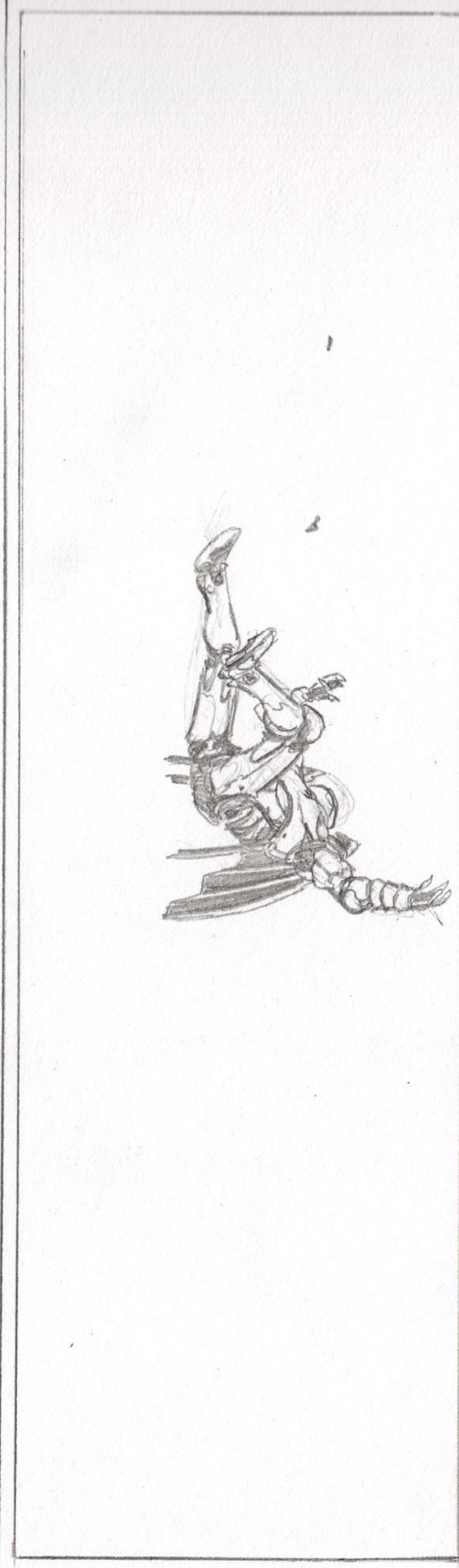

AM I ON TRIAL IN SOME WAY?
HUSSAIN MOHAMMED CLAIMED HIS BROTHER HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED AND OPERATED ON...
...I DISCOVERED SHEIKH FAROUK WAS FINANCING ILLEGAL BIO-EXPERIMENTS RIGHT HERE.
DIRTY ENHANCEMENTS. METAGENE BOOSTERS, SYNTHETIC SUPERPOWERS.

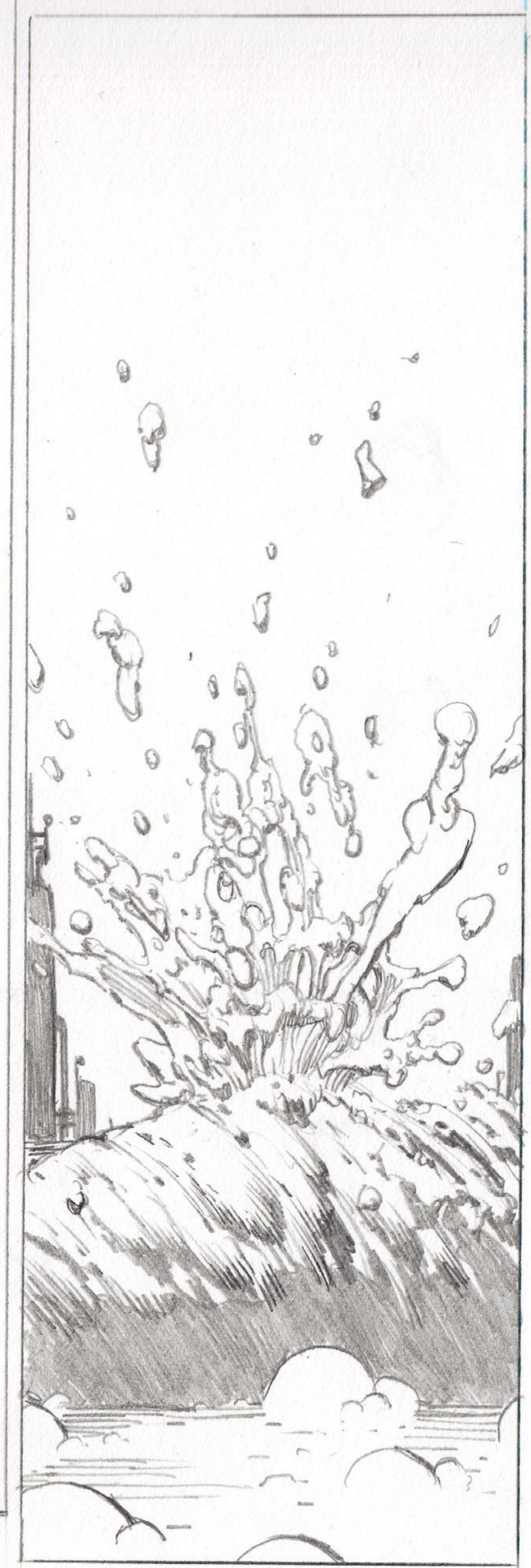

WHAT ARE THEY?
SURGICALLY ENGINEERED SUPERHUMAN BODYGUARDS--ALL THE RAGE AMONG THE MEGA-WEALTHY. ASK YOUR MOTHER.
THESE LOOK LIKE FAILED EXPERIMENTS.
CANNON FODDER.
THE RUMOR IS THEY WERE WORKING ON A BIG SECRET PROJECT FOR A MYSTERY CLIENT.
AN ALPHA MODEL DESIGNER SUPERHUMAN.
STAY ALERT.
YOU HAVEN'T ANSWERED MY QUESTION.
WAS I RIGHT TO ASSUME THIS MISSION WAS SOME KIND OF TEST OF MY CONTINUED SUITABILITY AS ROBIN?
NOT AT ALL.
I'VE ALREADY MADE MY MIND UP ABOUT THAT.
...MY GOD...
THIS ONE'S STILL ALIVE BUT I THINK HER LARYNX HAS BEEN CRUSHED... I SEE FINGER MARKS...
ROBIN.
ARE YOU LISTENING?

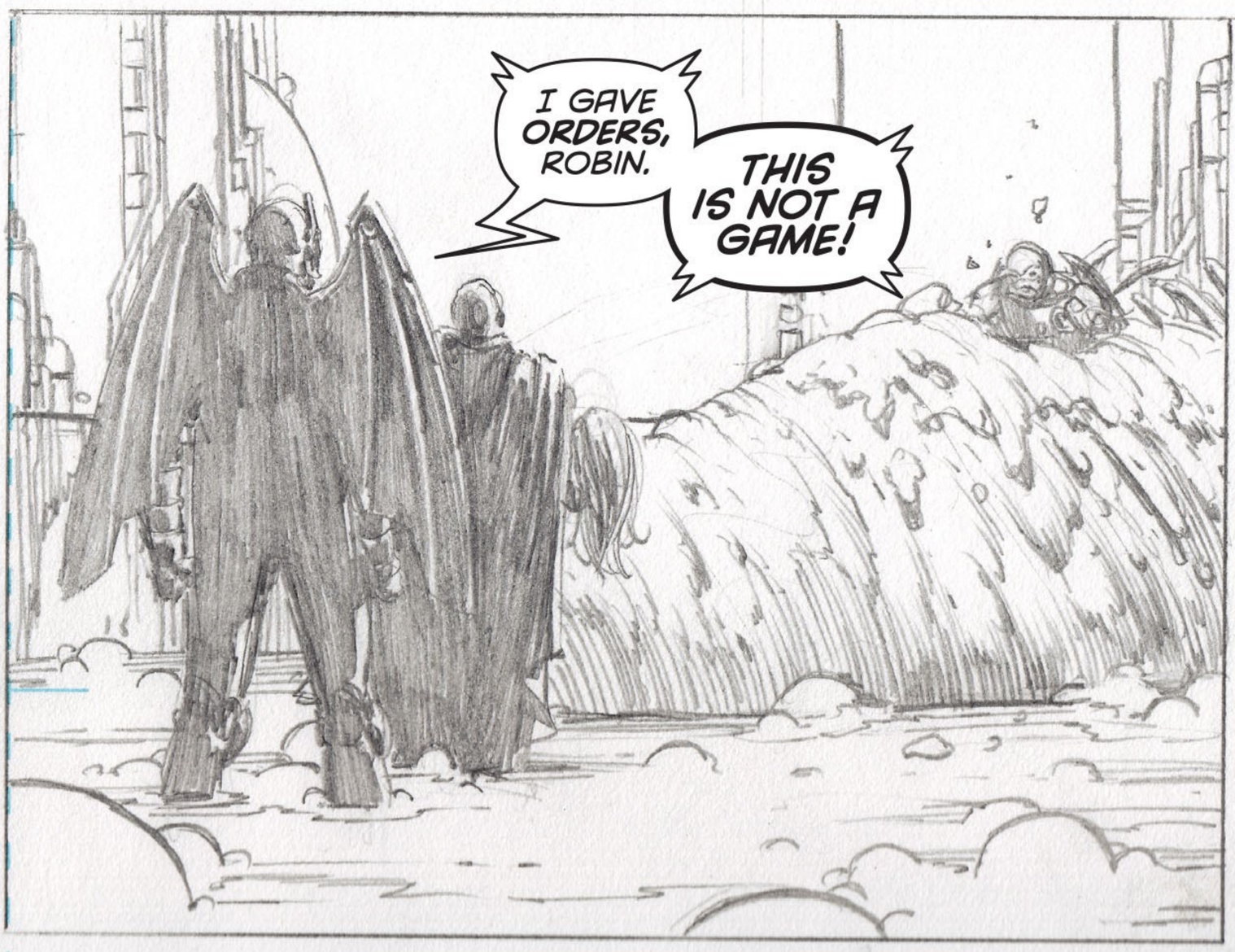
VAMPIRE MAN!
TRAKTIR OF THE SUPER-COLLECTIVE IS HERE!
LEAVE HER BE OR DIE!
URHHH... IT STINKS DOWN THERE!
YOU SURELY DON'T NEED ME FOR THIS.
TARGETING LASERS.
STAY CLOSE BY THE WOMAN, HE WON'T SHOOT!
TRAKTIR IS LAST HERO STANDING!
I LOST MY COMPANIONS! MY WORLD IN FINAL CONFLICT WITH THE HERETIC!
I WILL NOT LOSE MY LAST LOVE!
MY SWEET SPIDRA!

ROBIN!
I...I KNOW YOU...BUT...
...THAT DAY HAS YET TO COME.
WHEN IT DOES...
...YOU WILL KNOW ME.

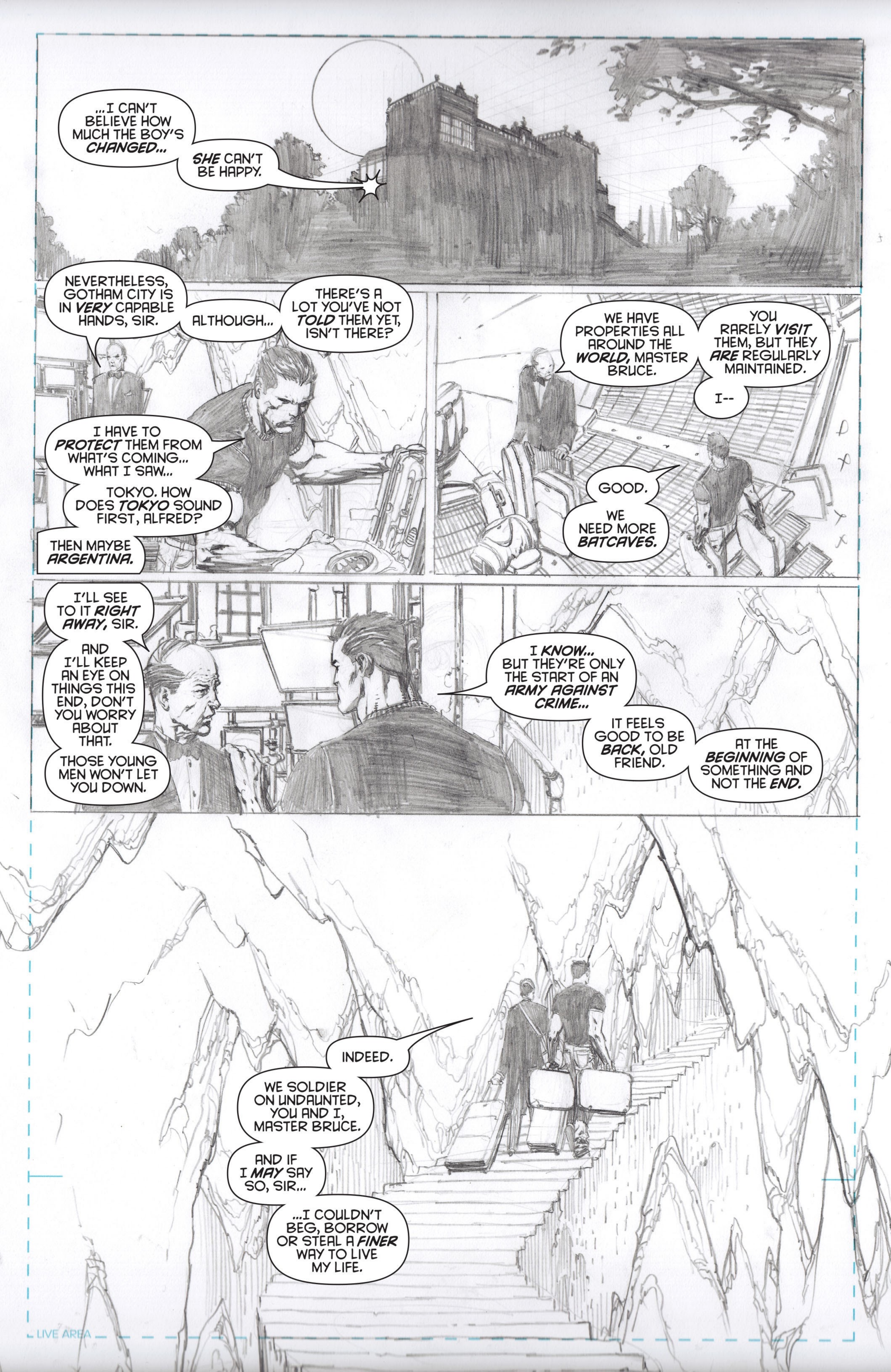




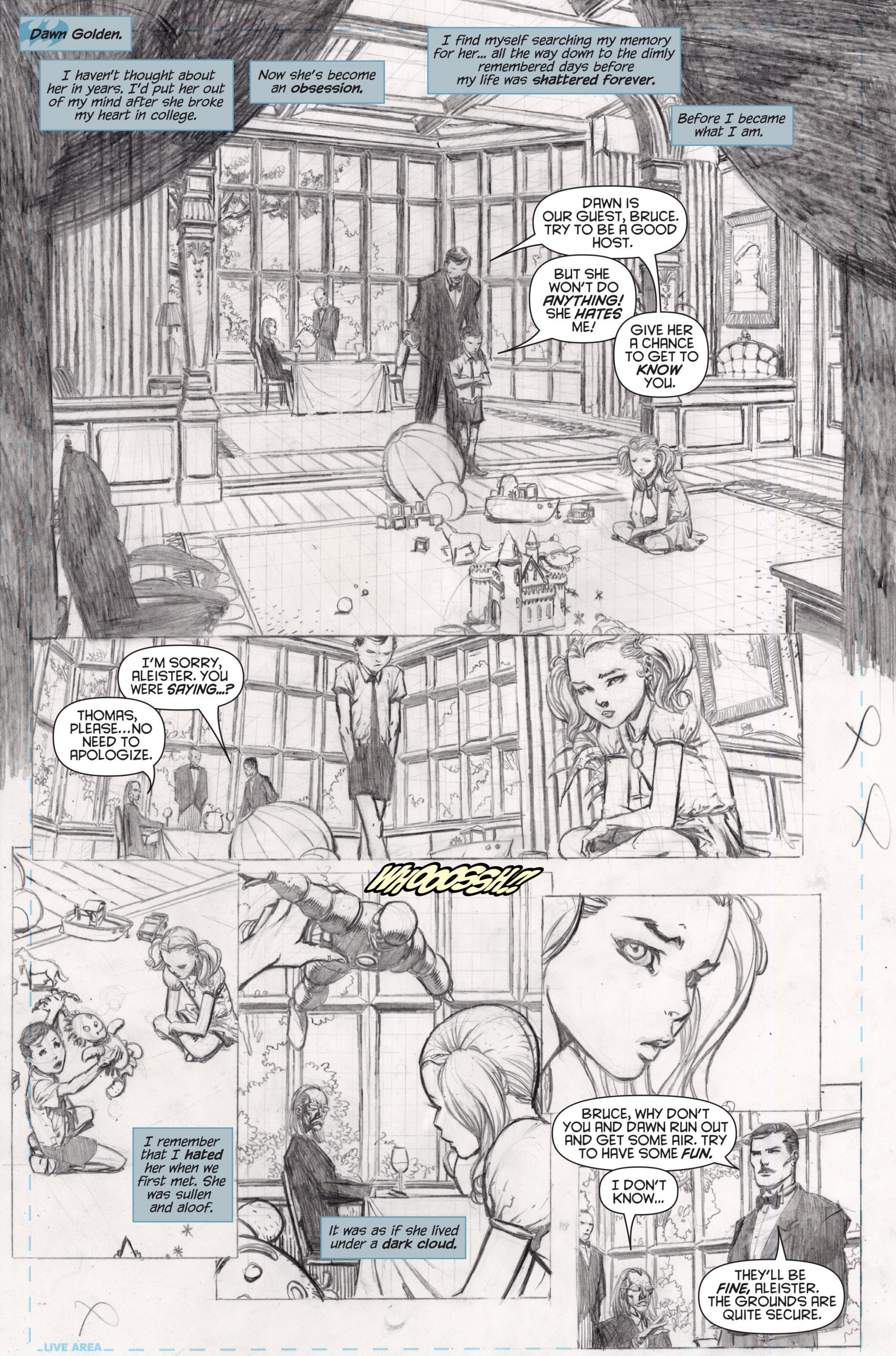


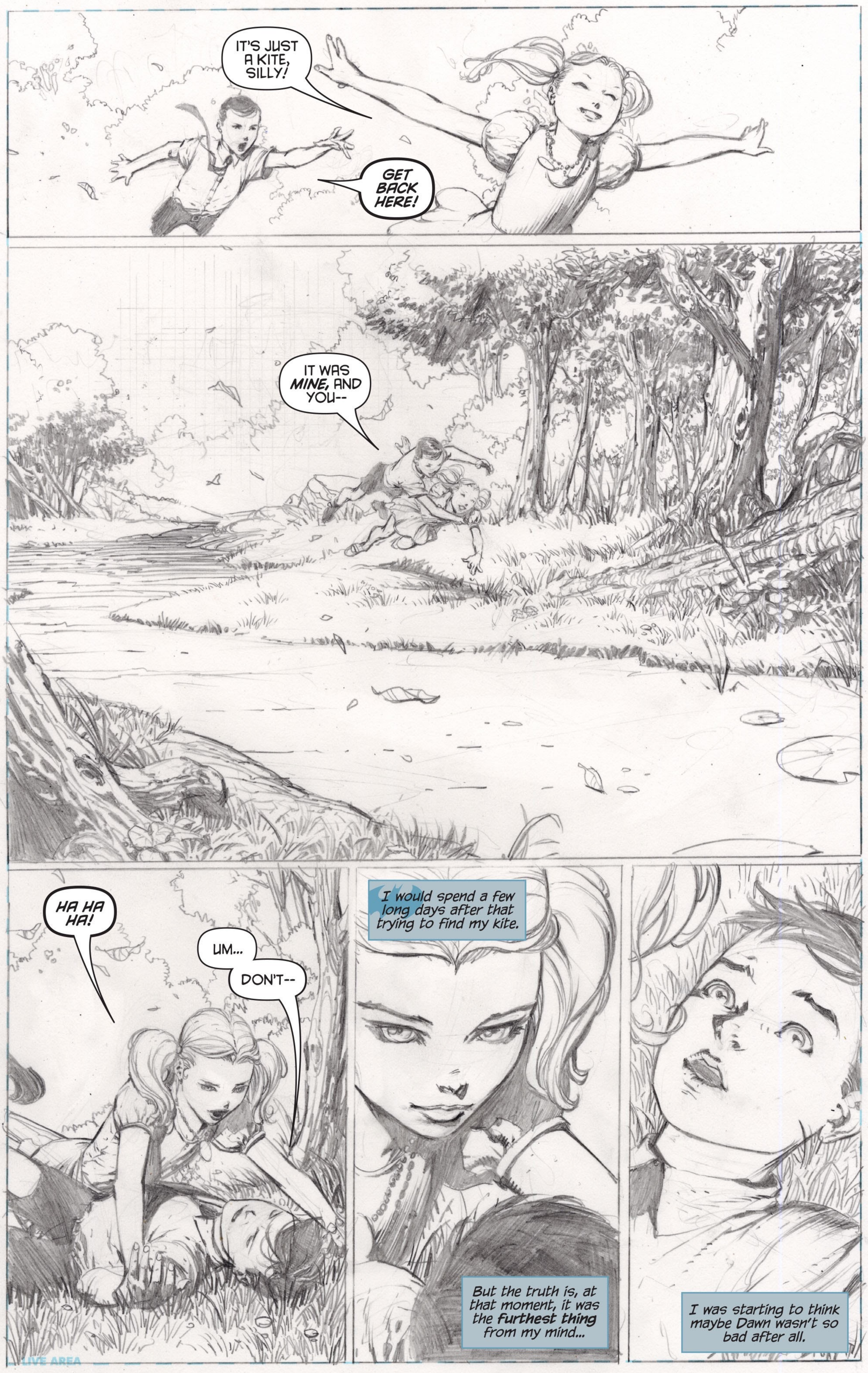


LIVE AREA


...I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW MUCH THE BOY'S CHANGED...
SHE CAN'T BE HAPPY.
NEVERTHELESS, GOTHAM CITY IS IN VERY CAPABLE HANDS, SIR.
ALTHOUGH...
THERE'S A LOT YOU'VE NOT TOLD THEM YET, ISN'T THERE?
I HAVE TO PROTECT THEM FROM WHAT'S COMING... WHAT I SAW...
TOKYO. HOW DOES TOKYO SOUND FIRST, ALFRED?
THEN MAYBE ARGENTINA.
WE HAVE PROPERTIES ALL AROUND THE WORLD, MASTER BRUCE.
YOU RARELY VISIT THEM, BUT THEY ARE REGULARLY MAINTAINED.
I--
GOOD.
WE NEED MORE BATCAVES.
I'LL SEE TO IT RIGHT AWAY, SIR.
AND I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS THIS END, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT.
THOSE YOUNG MEN WON'T LET YOU DOWN.
I KNOW... BUT THEY'RE ONLY THE START OF AN ARMY AGAINST CRIME...
IT FEELS GOOD TO BE BACK, OLD FRIEND.
AT THE BEGINNING OF SOMETHING AND NOT THE END.
INDEED.
WE SOLDIER ON UNDAUNTED, YOU AND I, MASTER BRUCE.
AND IF I MAY SAY SO, SIR...
...I COULDN'T BEG, BORROW OR STEAL A FINER WAY TO LIVE MY LIFE.
LIVE AREA

MY SON... OMAR.
...PUT THE GUN DOWN...
MY DEAREST SON.
DIE.
HAIL LEVIATHAN.
AND SO WE WAIT, PATIENTLY.
OUR TENDRILS SPREADING, UNCHECKED, UNCONTROLLED, UNSEEN.
OUR HATRED VASTER THAN EMPIRES AND MORE SLOW. OUR NAME...
LEVIATHAN!
SKSKZZK
GAME ON.


Dawn Golden.
I haven't thought about her in years. I'd put her out of my mind after she broke my heart in college.
Now she's become an obsession.
I find myself searching my memory for her... all the way down to the dimly remembered days before my life was shattered forever.
Before I became what I am.
DAWN IS OUR GUEST, BRUCE. TRY TO BE A GOOD HOST.
BUT SHE WON'T DO ANYTHING! SHE HATES ME!
GIVE HER A CHANCE TO GET TO KNOW YOU.
I'M SORRY, ALEISTER. YOU WERE SAYING...?
THOMAS, PLEASE...NO NEED TO APOLOGIZE.
WHOOSH!
I remember that I hated her when we first met. She was sullen and aloof.
It was as if she lived under a dark cloud.
BRUCE, WHY DON'T YOU AND DAWN RUN OUT AND GET SOME AIR. TRY TO HAVE SOME FUN.
I DON'T KNOW...
THEY'LL BE FINE, ALEISTER. THE GROUNDS ARE QUITE SECURE.
LIVE AREA

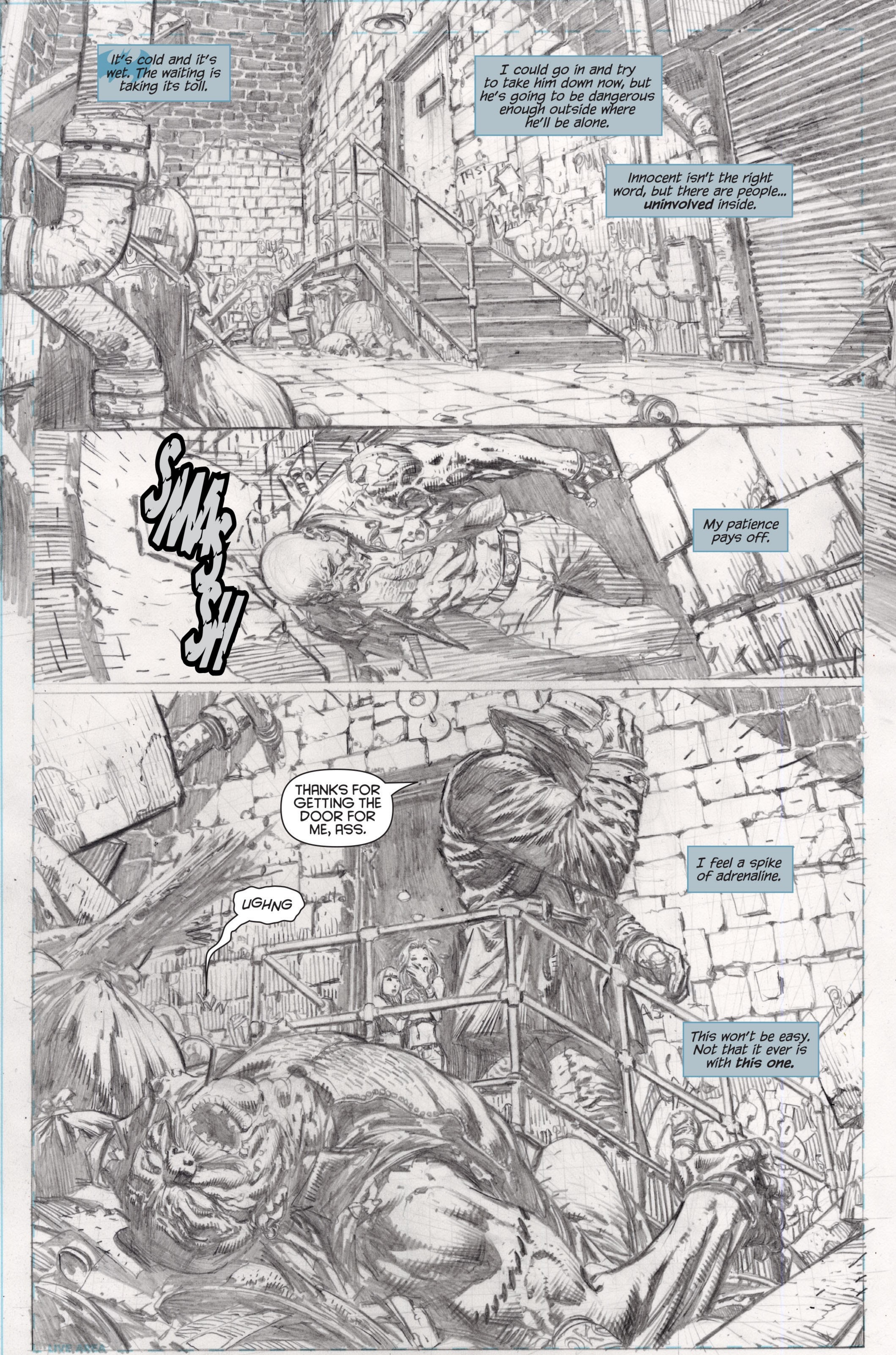

IT'S JUST A KITE, SILLY!
GET BACK HERE!
IT WAS MINE, AND YOU--
HA HA HA!
UM...
DON'T--
I would spend a few long days after that trying to find my kite.
But the truth is, at that moment, it was the furthest thing from my mind...
I was starting to think maybe Dawn wasn't so bad after all.

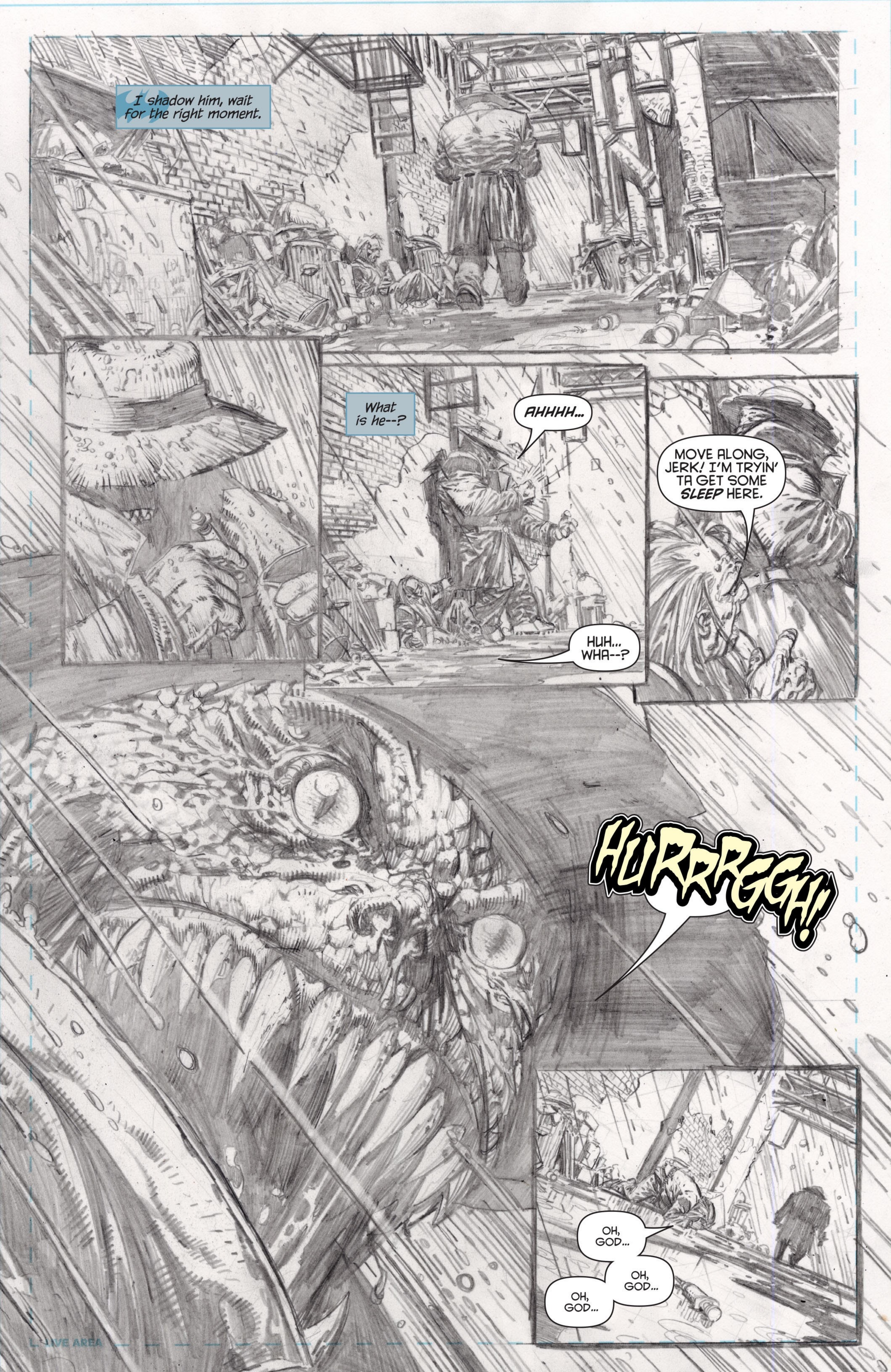
GOTHAM CITY.
NOW.
COMMISSIONER, I WASN'T TRANSFERRED FROM METROPOLIS TO HANDLE CARJACKINGS AND PURSE SNATCHING.
YOU *NEED* ME ON THE DAWN GOLDEN CASE.
THANKS, MACY.
SORRY, BOSS.
LOOK, FORBES, THE WORLD DOESN'T STOP WHEN A SOCIETY GIRL GOES MISSING. BAD THINGS STILL HAPPEN TO GOOD PEOPLE OUT THERE EVERY DAY.
YOU HAVE AN ASSIGNMENT, LIEUTENANT, AND THE PEOPLE OF GOTHAM NEED YOU ON IT.

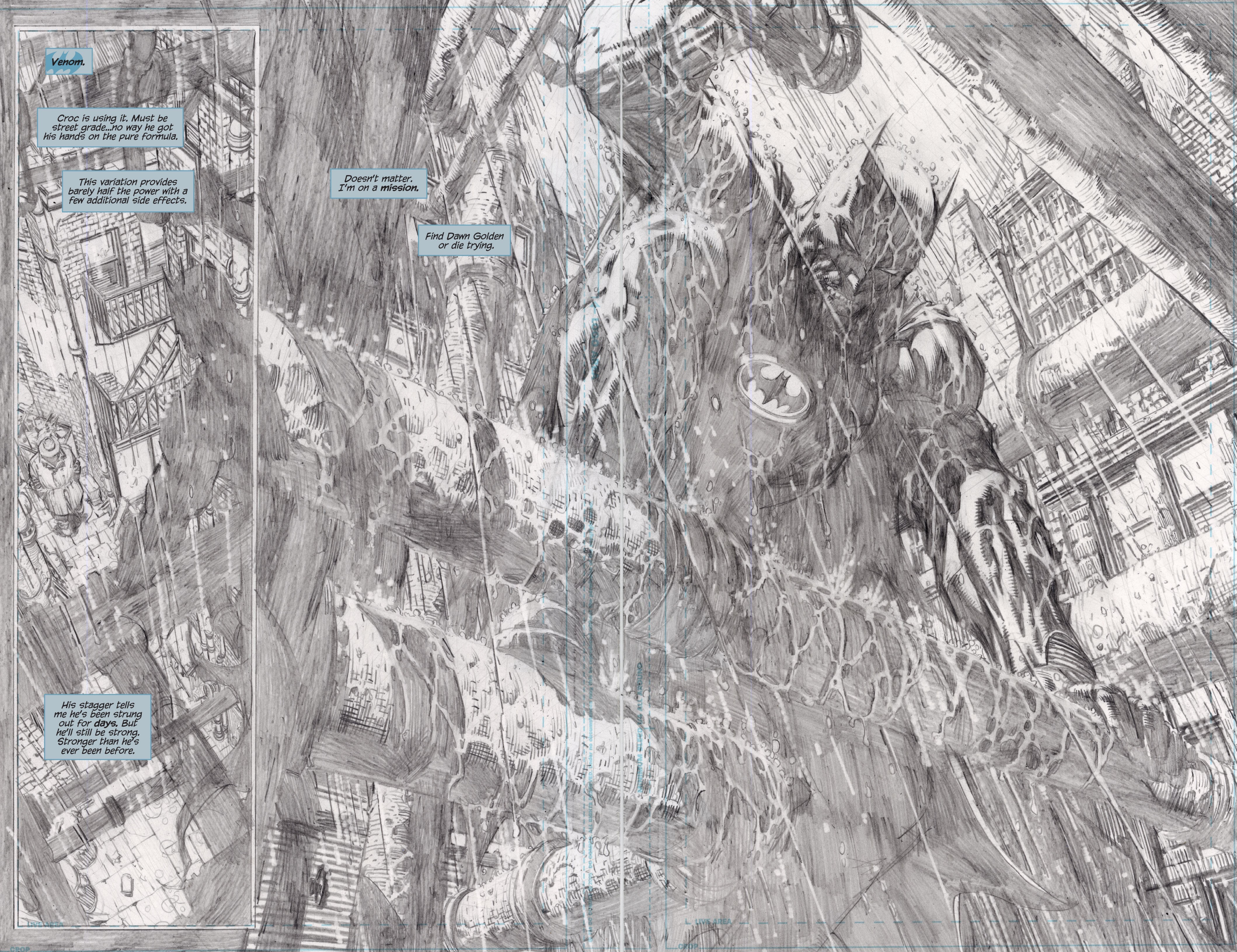
BUT, COMMISSIONER--!
WHAT D'YA GOT FOR ME, HARVEY?
A DAMN SANDWICH, BOSS.

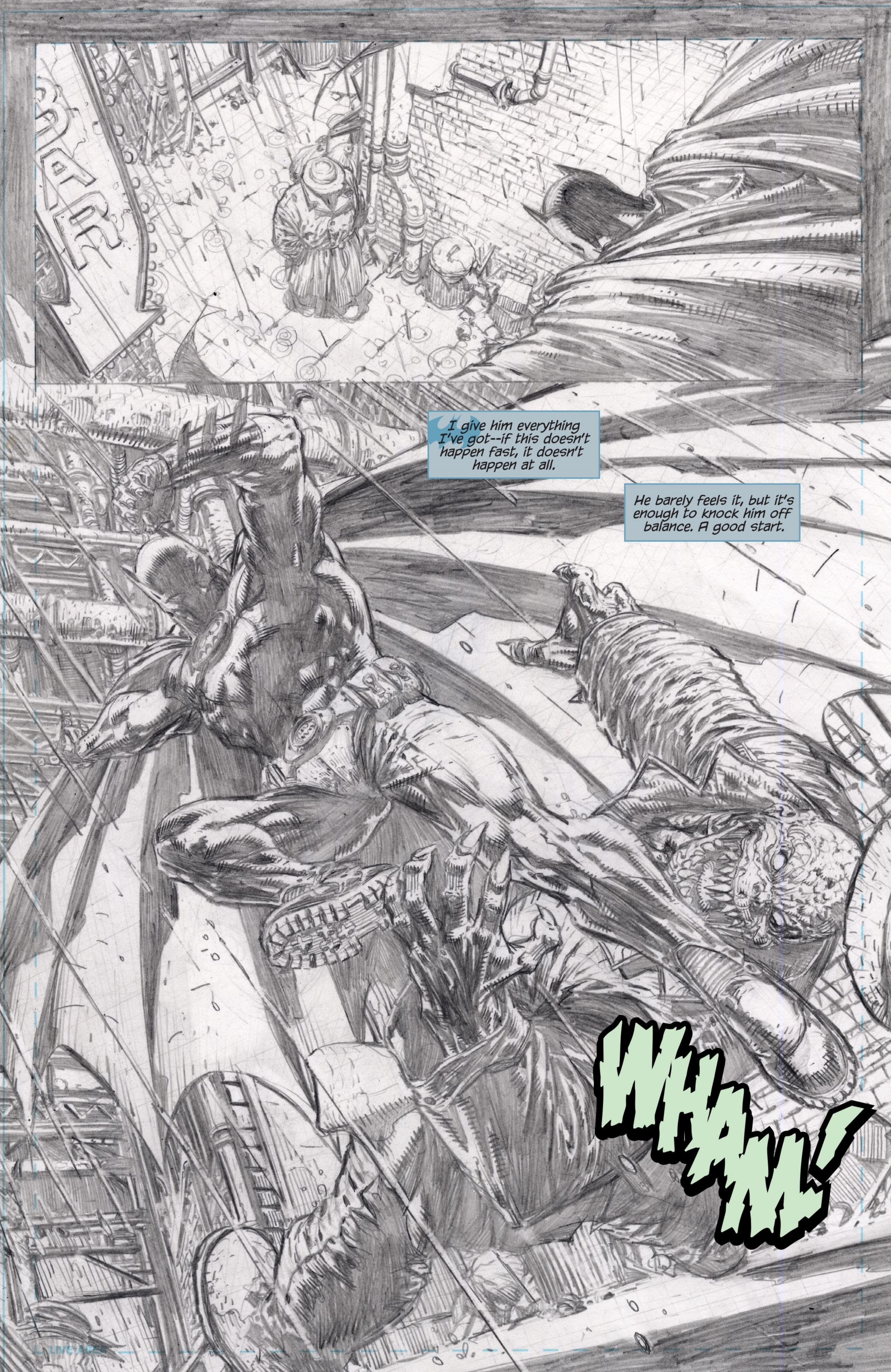
PRESS IS CAMPED OUTSIDE.
WE GOT *JACK* FOR NEW LEADS.
AND MAYOR HADY HAS BEEN TRYING TO GET YOU ON THE HORN FOR THREE HOURS.
SIR, I HAVE THE MAYOR'S OFFICE ON LINE FOUR--
JAMES GORDON
COMMISSIONER
NOT NOW.

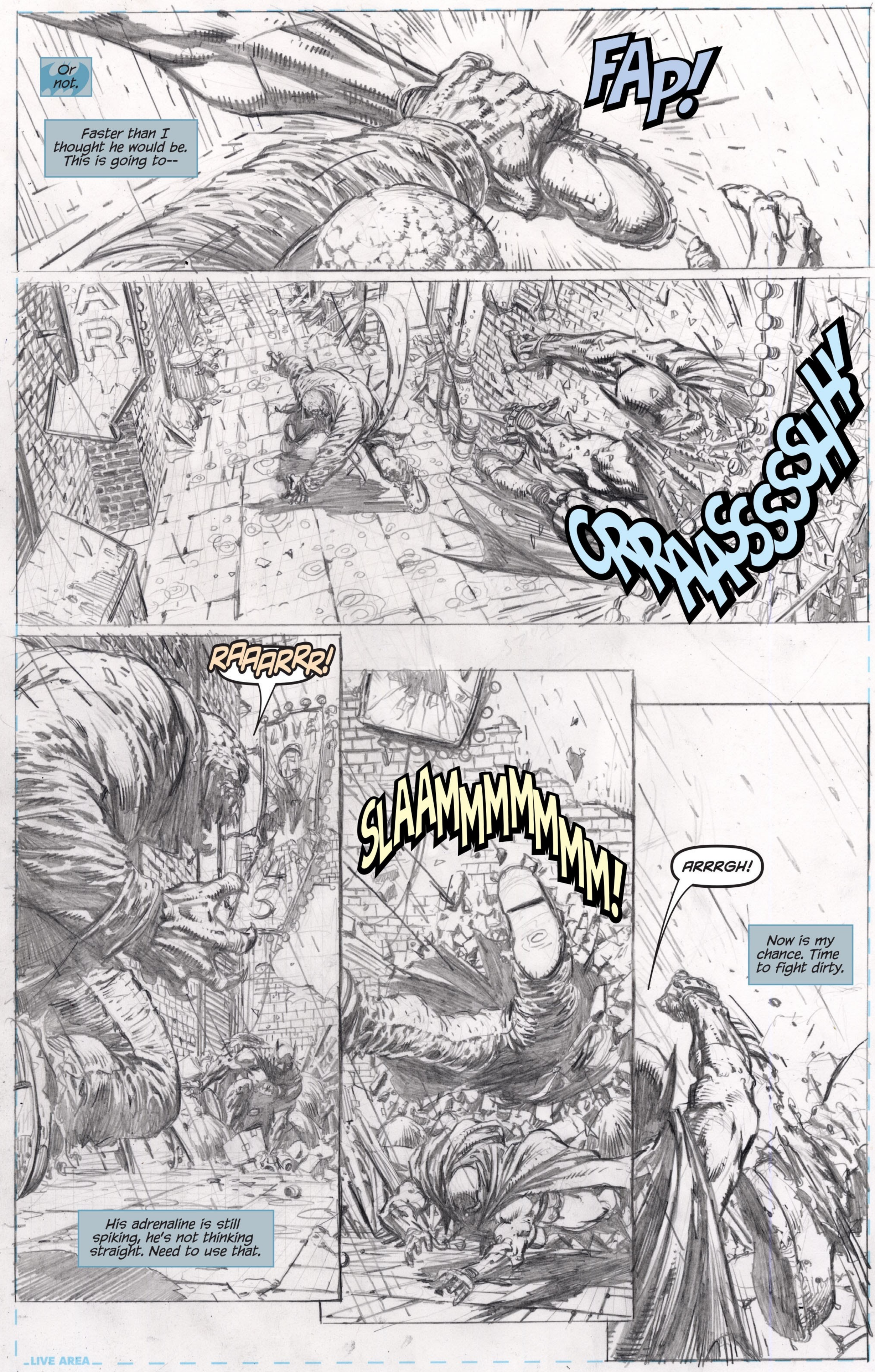
HAVE WE TRACKED DOWN EVERYONE WHO APPEARS ON MS. GOLDEN'S PHONE RECORDS?
YEAH. CAME UP EMPTY.
SEND A TEAM TO HER ADDRESS. DON'T WORRY ABOUT BEING NEAT THIS TIME. TEAR IT APART IF YOU HAVE TO.
FIND ME SOMETHING.
JAMES GORDON
COMMISSIONER


It's cold and it's wet. The waiting is taking its toll.
I could go in and try to take him down now, but he's going to be dangerous enough outside where he'll be alone.
Innocent isn't the right word, but there are people... **uninvolved** inside.
SMASH!
My patience pays off.
THANKS FOR GETTING THE DOOR FOR ME, ASS.
UGHNG
I feel a spike of adrenaline.
This won't be easy. Not that it ever is with **this one.**


I shadow him, wait for the right moment.
What is he--?
AHHHH...
MOVE ALONG, JERK! I'M TRYIN' TA GET SOME SLEEP HERE.
HUH... WHA--?
HURRRGH!
OH, GOD...
OH, GOD...
OH, GOD...


Venom.
Croc is using it. Must be street grade...no way he got his hands on the pure formula.
This variation provides barely half the power with a few additional side effects.
Doesn't matter. I'm on a **mission.**
Find Dawn Golden or die trying.
His stagger tells me he's been strung out for **days.** But he'll still be strong. Stronger than he's ever been before.


I give him everything I've got--if this doesn't happen fast, it doesn't happen at all.
He barely feels it, but it's enough to knock him off balance. A good start.
WHAM


Or not.
Faster than I thought he would be. This is going to--
FAP!
CRRASSSHK
RAAARRR!
SLAAMMMMMMMM!
ARRRGH!
Now is my chance. Time to fight dirty.
His adrenaline is still spiking, he's not thinking straight. Need to use that.

LIVE AREA

KING!
NO! DON'T GO OUT THERE!
GET OFF ME!
KING!
OOOOH, MAN. KING, WHAT THE HELL--?!
L-LOOK AT HIS EYES! OH MY GOD, HE... OH, GOD...
HUAAARK!
ELECTRONICS
LIVE AREA

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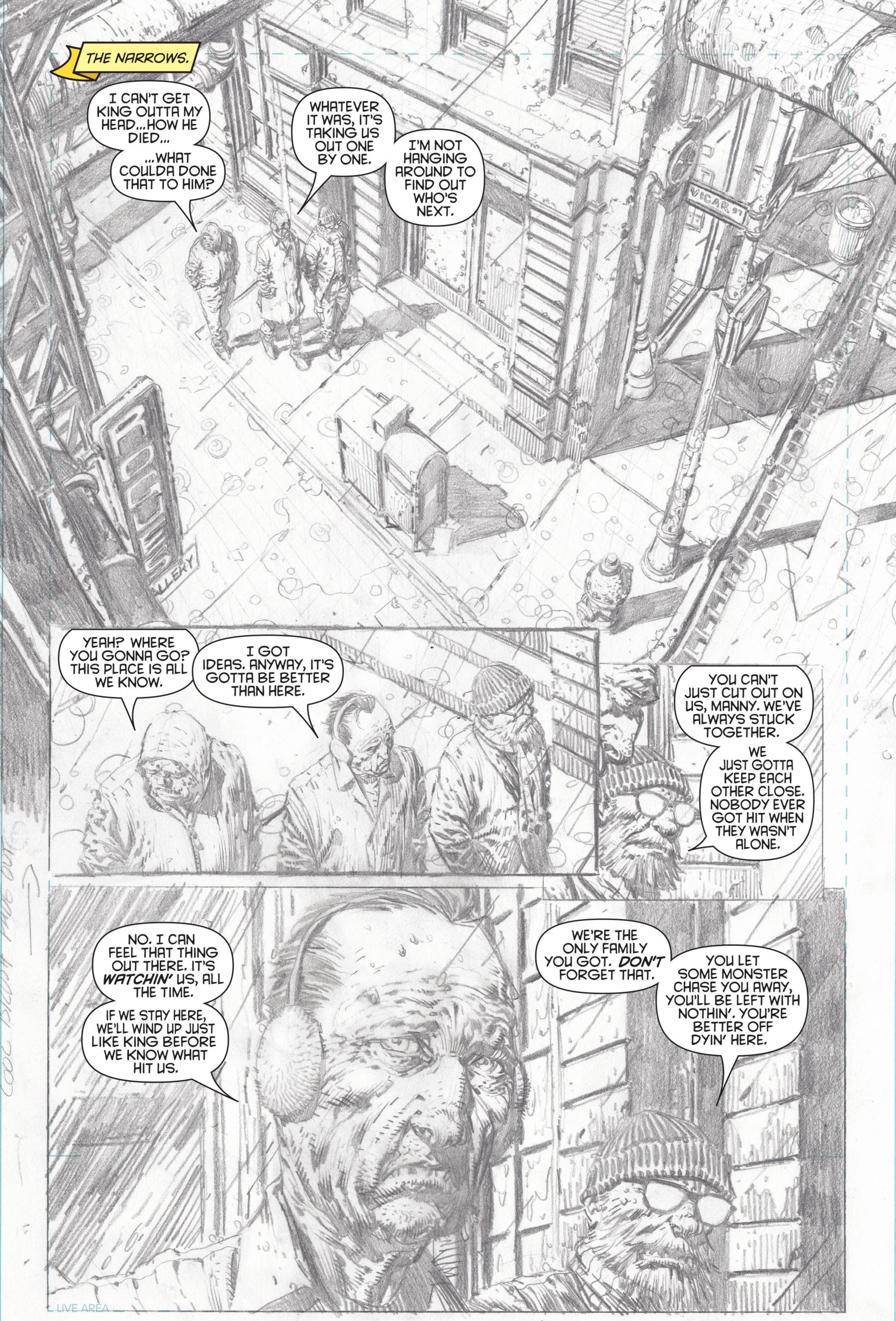
ARG!
UHN!
ERK!
NO! NO! NO!
NO MORE GUNS. NOW I ASK THE QUESTIONS.
HWAAAAK!
HUFF HUFF
ARRRGHH!
ZARRRK

ENOUGH.
CHUDDD
WAAAHH! GET HIM OFF!
I THOUGHT HE WAS ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS!
WAAAHHH...
SLAM!
SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT, BATFREAK.
BOSS, YOU OKAY?
WHERE WERE YOU?! LOOK WHAT HE DID TO ME!
LIVE AREA
CROP


THE NARROWS.
I CAN'T GET KING OUTTA MY HEAD...HOW HE DIED...
...WHAT COULDA DONE THAT TO HIM?
WHATEVER IT WAS, IT'S TAKING US OUT ONE BY ONE.
I'M NOT HANGING AROUND TO FIND OUT WHO'S NEXT.
VICAR 91
YEAH? WHERE YOU GONNA GO? THIS PLACE IS ALL WE KNOW.
I GOT IDEAS. ANYWAY, IT'S GOTTA BE BETTER THAN HERE.
YOU CAN'T JUST CUT OUT ON US, MANNY. WE'VE ALWAYS STUCK TOGETHER.
WE JUST GOTTA KEEP EACH OTHER CLOSE. NOBODY EVER GOT HIT WHEN THEY WASN'T ALONE.
NO. I CAN FEEL THAT THING OUT THERE. IT'S WATCHIN' US, ALL THE TIME.
IF WE STAY HERE, WE'LL WIND UP JUST LIKE KING BEFORE WE KNOW WHAT HIT US.
WE'RE THE ONLY FAMILY YOU GOT. DON'T FORGET THAT.
YOU LET SOME MONSTER CHASE YOU AWAY, YOU'LL BE LEFT WITH NOTHIN'. YOU'RE BETTER OFF DYIN' HERE.
LIVE AREA
CROP

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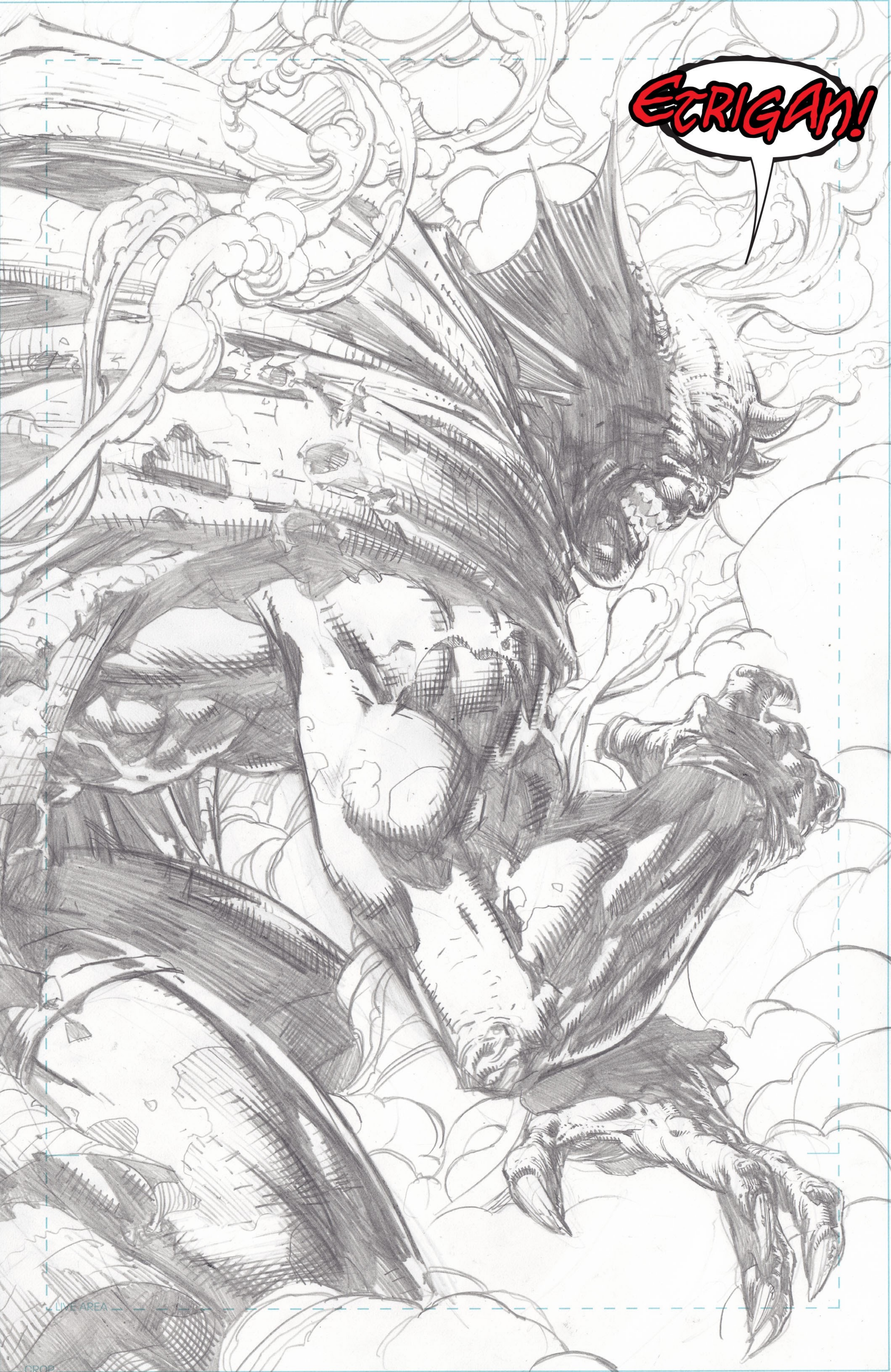
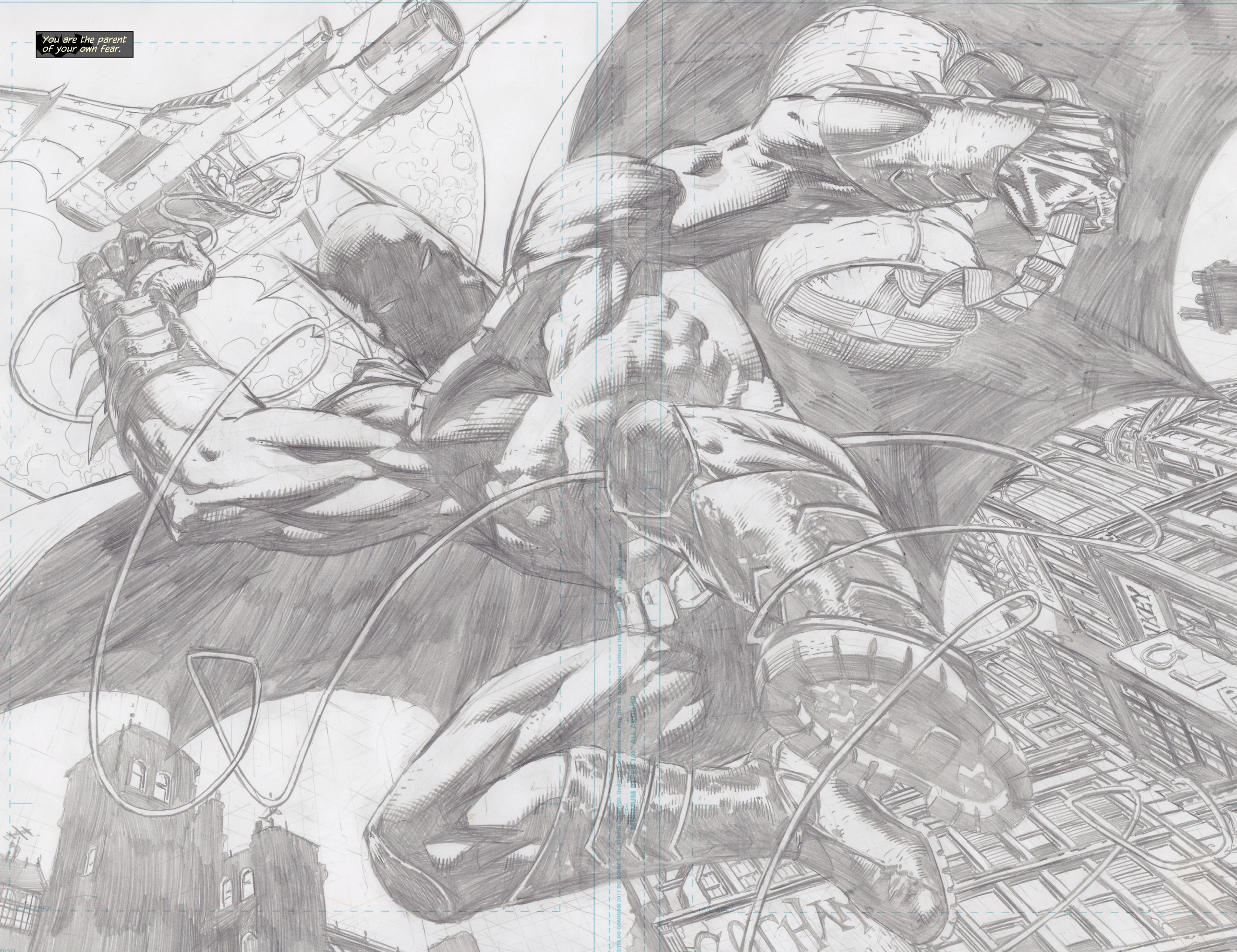

ECRIGAN!
LIVE AREA
CROP



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SELLIUM SHEET 1/0™ ALL AROUND

JAINA HUDSON.

TONIGHT'S LITTLE FUNCTION AIMS TO RAISE MONEY FOR THOSE LEFT HOMELESS BY THE KARACHI FLOODS. SO THINK OF ME AS YOUR IMPROMPTU HOSTESS.

PLEASE LET ME KNOW IF THERE'S A *PROBLEM* OF ANY KIND.

I TRUST I'M NOT INTERRUPTING ANYTHING?

AS A MATTER OF FACT YOU *ARE*, MISS. THIS IS A PRIVATE CONVERSATION--

MMH. Y'KNOW, FOR A PRIVATE CONVERSATION, IT SURE IS LOUD AND VERY *PUBLIC*.

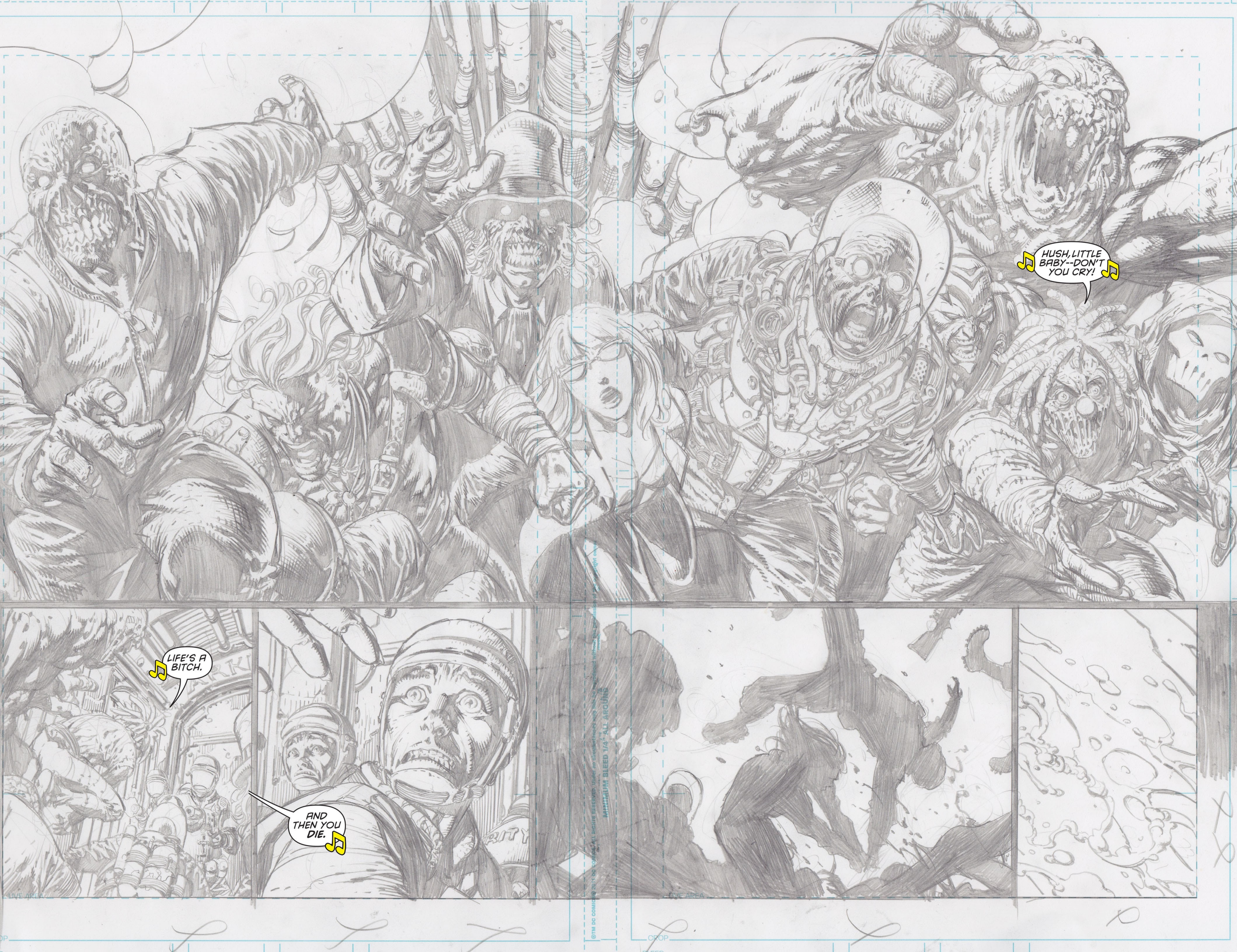
EVERYTHING'S FINE, MISS HUDSON. THE LIEUTENANT WAS JUST LEAVING.

SURE, I WAS.

BE SEEING YOU SOON, MR. WAYNE.

THANK YOU FOR THAT.

CALL ME JAI. MY FRIENDS DO.



LIVE AREA
LIVE AREA
CROP
CROP
MAXIMUM BLEED 1/4" ALL AROUND
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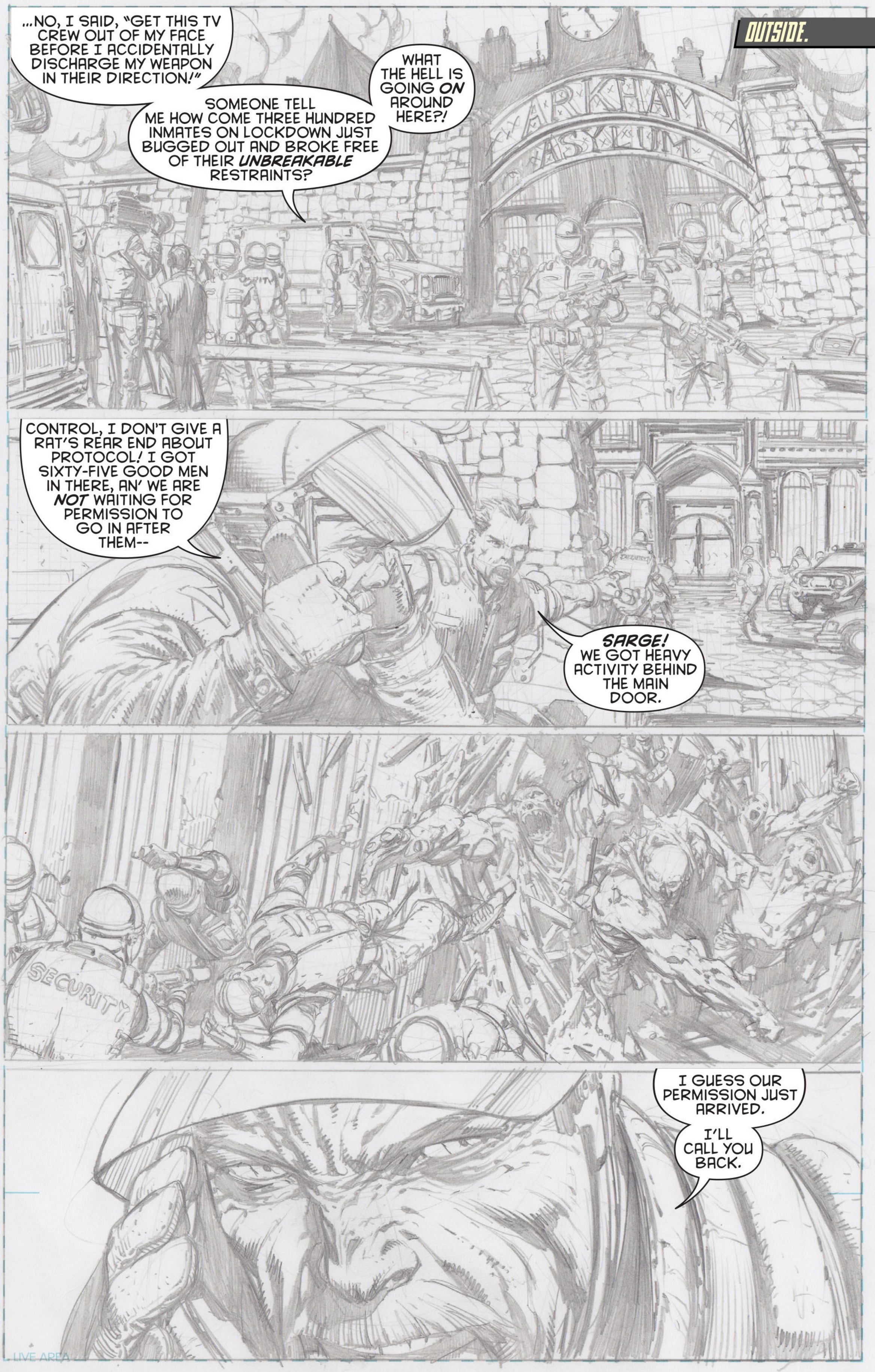
OUTSIDE.
...NO, I SAID, "GET THIS TV CREW OUT OF MY FACE BEFORE I ACCIDENTALLY DISCHARGE MY WEAPON IN THEIR DIRECTION!"
SOMEONE TELL ME HOW COME THREE HUNDRED INMATES ON LOCKDOWN JUST BUGGED OUT AND BROKE FREE OF THEIR UNBREAKABLE RESTRAINTS?
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON AROUND HERE?!
ARKHAM ASYLUM
CONTROL, I DON'T GIVE A RAT'S REAR END ABOUT PROTOCOL! I GOT SIXTY-FIVE GOOD MEN IN THERE, AN' WE ARE NOT WAITING FOR PERMISSION TO GO IN AFTER THEM--
SARGE! WE GOT HEAVY ACTIVITY BEHIND THE MAIN DOOR.
SECURITY
I GUESS OUR PERMISSION JUST ARRIVED.
I'LL CALL YOU BACK.
LIVE AREA

SIXTY-FIVE MEN. SIXTY-FIVE *FAMILIES.*
YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED LATER.
RIGHT NOW, WHY DON'T WE TRY TO GIVE YOUR MEN TRAPPED INSIDE A FIGHTING CHANCE?
FOWLE

THIS IS NUTS. WE'RE SITTING DUCKS OUT HERE.
SHUT IT, MYERS. KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE SHADOWS AND SHOOT ANYTHING THAT MOVES--
SECURITY
OVER THERE!
GRANGE GRANGE GR
GRANGE GRANGE
THAT'S NOT *HIM!* HOLD YOUR FIRE!
LIVE AREA

TWO-FACE NO LONGER, BATTY BOY.
YOU CAN CALL ME ONE-FACE NOW.
LIVE AREA

FINCH

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GOTHAM CITY POLICE HQ.

THIRTY-SEVEN INJURED. SEVEN IN CRITICAL CONDITION. FIFTEEN DEAD. AND *YOU* COULD'VE BEEN NUMBER SIXTEEN.

SHOULD'VE BEEN, JIM.

I GUESS TWO-FACE FINALLY DID SOMETHING *RIGHT.*

SPEAKING OF WHICH, A COUPLE OF THE OTHER INMATES ARE CLAIMING THEY WERE *INJECTED* WITH SOMETHING.

THE ONES STILL ALIVE AREN'T IN GOOD SHAPE. ONE OF THEM SAYS HE SAW A *WHITE RABBIT* FOR PETE'S SAKE.

A WHITE RABBIT?

IT'S A COMMON VISUAL MOTIF AMONG ABDUCTION VICTIMS, APPARENTLY. WHO WOULDA KNOWN?

HERE...WE FOUND THESE ALL ACROSS THE FACILITY. SOMEONE WASN'T EXACTLY SHY ABOUT HIDING THEM. SEND ME THE RESULTS WHEN YOU GET IT ANALYZED.

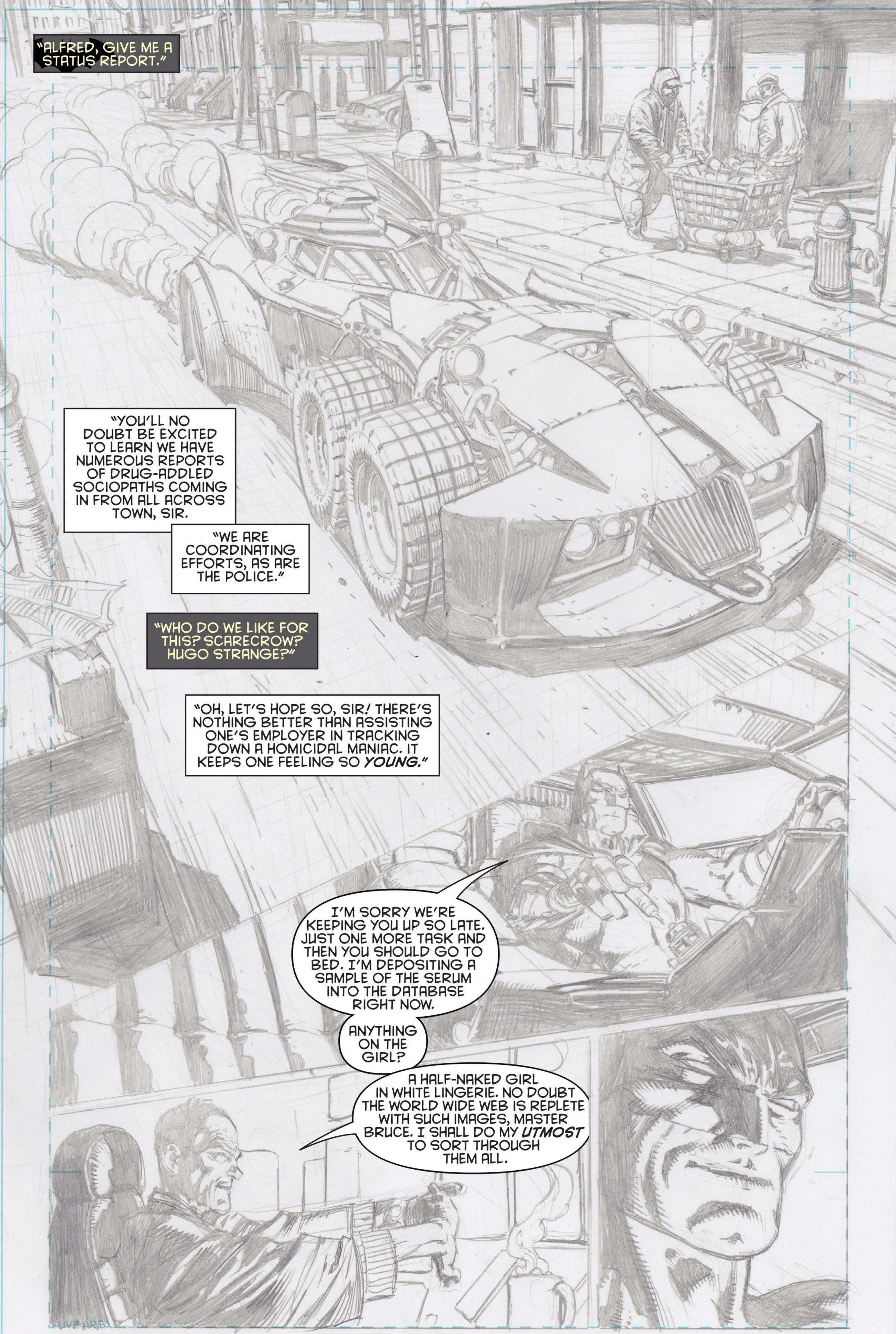
DID ANYONE MENTION SEEING A GIRL?

PLEASE TELL ME YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS.

LOOK, ALL I KNOW IS WE'VE GOT A MESS ON OUR HANDS--THREE INMATES WHOSE BRAINS HAVE TURNED TO MUSH, AND WE'RE ABOUT TO GET HIT WITH MULTIPLE LAWSUITS FROM MULTIPLE DIRTBAG LAWYERS.

"THE ONLY ONE IN ANY SHAPE TO TALK IS TWO-FACE, BUT HE HASN'T SAID ANYTHING COHERENT SINCE HE CONVENIENTLY STARTED BLEEDING OUT OF HIS *EYEBALLS.*"

LIVE AREA


"ALFRED, GIVE ME A STATUS REPORT."
"YOU'LL NO DOUBT BE EXCITED TO LEARN WE HAVE NUMEROUS REPORTS OF DRUG-ADDLED SOCIOPATHS COMING IN FROM ALL ACROSS TOWN, SIR.
"WE ARE COORDINATING EFFORTS, AS ARE THE POLICE."
"WHO DO WE LIKE FOR THIS? SCARECROW? HUGO STRANGE?"
"OH, LET'S HOPE SO, SIR! THERE'S NOTHING BETTER THAN ASSISTING ONE'S EMPLOYER IN TRACKING DOWN A HOMICIDAL MANIAC. IT KEEPS ONE FEELING SO *YOUNG.*"
I'M SORRY WE'RE KEEPING YOU UP SO LATE. JUST ONE MORE TASK AND THEN YOU SHOULD GO TO BED. I'M DEPOSITING A SAMPLE OF THE SERUM INTO THE DATABASE RIGHT NOW.
ANYTHING ON THE GIRL?
A HALF-NAKED GIRL IN WHITE LINGERIE. NO DOUBT THE WORLD WIDE WEB IS REPLETE WITH SUCH IMAGES, MASTER BRUCE. I SHALL DO MY *UTMOST* TO SORT THROUGH THEM ALL.
LIVE AREA

WAIT TILL THEY GET A LOAD OF ME.
LIVE AREA
CROP

FINCH
LIVE AREA
CROP

YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE, JOKER. I THOUGHT YOU DECIDED TO *RETIRE*--

SORRY, BATSO. THOUGHT I'D COME BACK AND RETIRE YOU *FIRST!*

AH-HEHH... A-HA HA HA HA!

HA! HEH... Y'KNOW, I'VE *MISSED* YOU AND YOUR SILLY COSTUME. YOU MAY BE PREDICTABLE AND POSSESS THE IMAGINATION OF AN ONION, BUT YOU'RE MY *ONION* AND THAT'S WHAT COUNTS!

COME ON! *HUGS!*

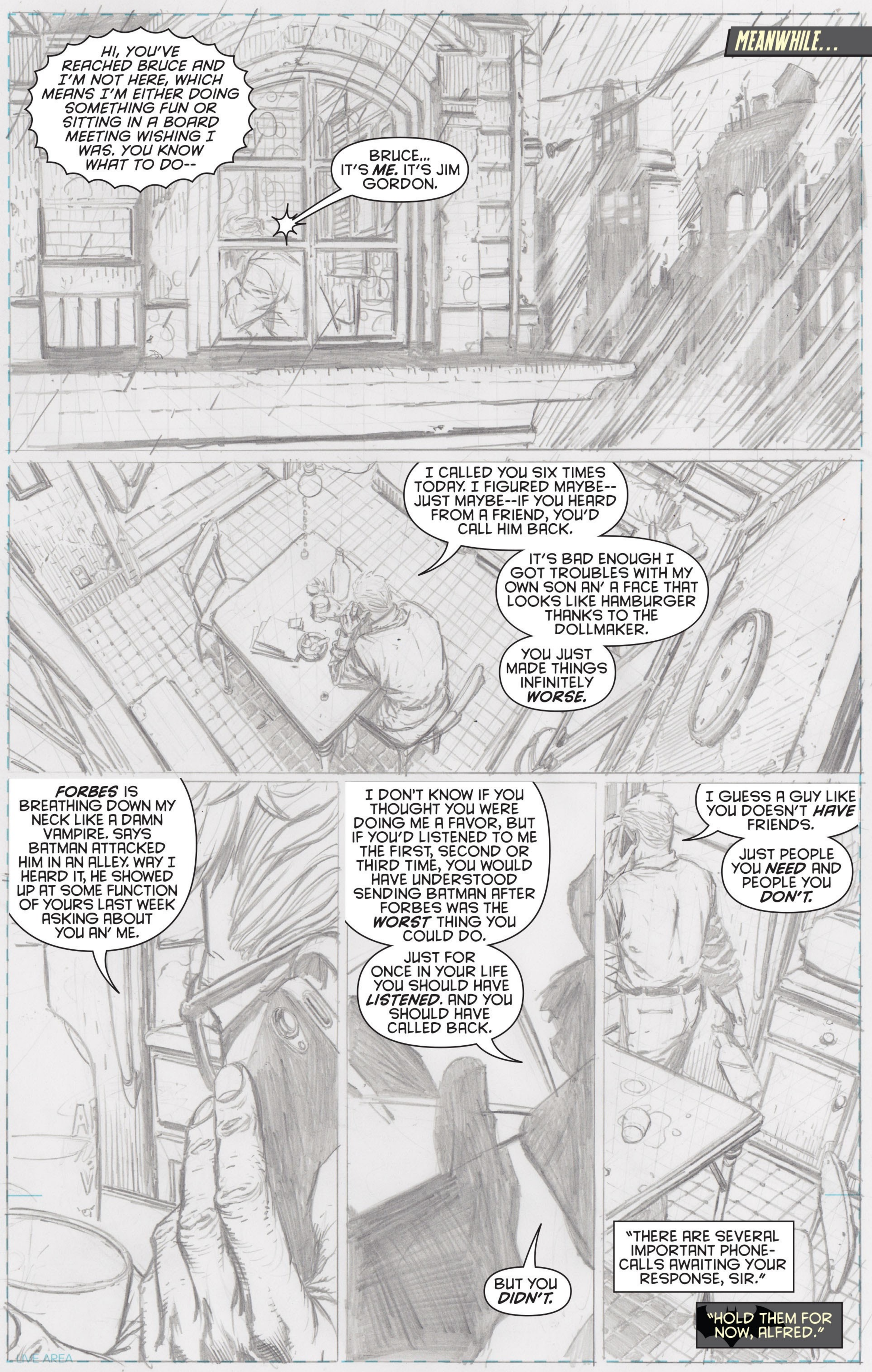
BOK

LIVE AREA

IVY?
LIVE AREA
CROP

FINCH
LIVE AREA
CROP

UKK
EHH...
SNIP
LIVE AREA


MEANWHILE...
HI, YOU'VE REACHED BRUCE AND I'M NOT HERE, WHICH MEANS I'M EITHER DOING SOMETHING FUN OR SITTING IN A BOARD MEETING WISHING I WAS. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO--
BRUCE... IT'S ME. IT'S JIM GORDON.
I CALLED YOU SIX TIMES TODAY. I FIGURED MAYBE--JUST MAYBE--IF YOU HEARD FROM A FRIEND, YOU'D CALL HIM BACK.
IT'S BAD ENOUGH I GOT TROUBLES WITH MY OWN SON AN' A FACE THAT LOOKS LIKE HAMBURGER THANKS TO THE DOLLMAKER.
YOU JUST MADE THINGS INFINITELY WORSE.
FORBES IS BREATHING DOWN MY NECK LIKE A DAMN VAMPIRE. SAYS BATMAN ATTACKED HIM IN AN ALLEY. WAY I HEARD IT, HE SHOWED UP AT SOME FUNCTION OF YOURS LAST WEEK ASKING ABOUT YOU AN' ME.
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE DOING ME A FAVOR, BUT IF YOU'D LISTENED TO ME THE FIRST, SECOND OR THIRD TIME, YOU WOULD HAVE UNDERSTOOD SENDING BATMAN AFTER FORBES WAS THE WORST THING YOU COULD DO.
JUST FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED. AND YOU SHOULD HAVE CALLED BACK.
BUT YOU DIDN'T.
I GUESS A GUY LIKE YOU DOESN'T HAVE FRIENDS.
JUST PEOPLE YOU NEED AND PEOPLE YOU DON'T.
"THERE ARE SEVERAL IMPORTANT PHONE-CALLS AWAITING YOUR RESPONSE, SIR."
"HOLD THEM FOR NOW, ALFRED."
LIVE AREA

UHHF!

FIGURED IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE YOU SHOWED UP, *DEATHSTROKE!* IF YOU'RE ON THE PAYROLL, THAT MEANS SOMEONE'S GETTING *DESPERATE*--

PAYROLL?

...AH-HAHH... HEHH...

...YOU GOT IT ALL WRONG, BATMAN! THERE'S NOT ENOUGH CASH ON THE PLANET TO PAY FOR TAKING YOU DOWN!

AA-OWW!

Deathstroke--exhibiting the same side effects as Two-Face and the others.

WHEN YOU HIT THE GROUND, YOU MAKE SURE YOU TELL EVERYONE THIS WAS A *FREEBIE!*

LIVE AREA

CROP

SYSTEM: RECALIBRATE.
#11001##110#%
It's **happening.** You can no more avoid it than a falling man can avoid the ground.
This is where you were always going to be. You always seem to find your way back to the dark places.
It's where you find clarity.
LIVE AREA
CROP

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BATMAN, I...
...BATMAN?
LIVE AREA

You **weren't afraid** when he approached you in the alley, filthy and dark like the night itself.

You **didn't shrink** when your father stepped between the both of you, stuck his arm out to protect you from the **bullets** that took them both.

When the **gunshots rang** like hammers on broken bells, you didn't flinch.

The jolt they sent up your spine only **focused** you...a feeling you'd remember forever.

MOTHER? FATHER, DON'T--!

THERE'S NOTHING TO BE *FRIGHTENED* OF, SON.

YOU HAVE TO BE *BRAVE*, BRUCE.

BUT--

I'M *SORRY*, BRUCE.

DON'T *LEAVE!*

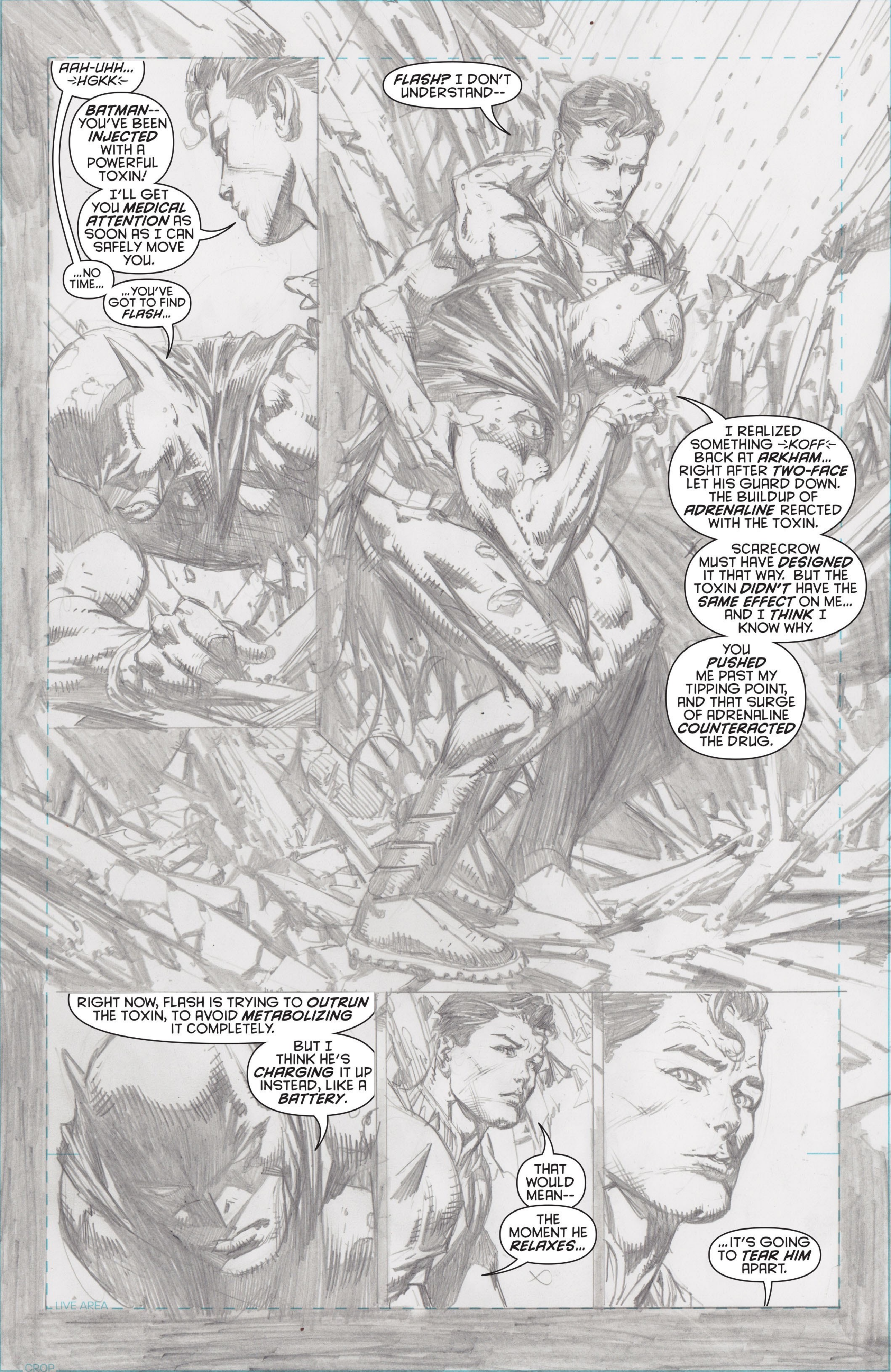
I'M *SORRY*.

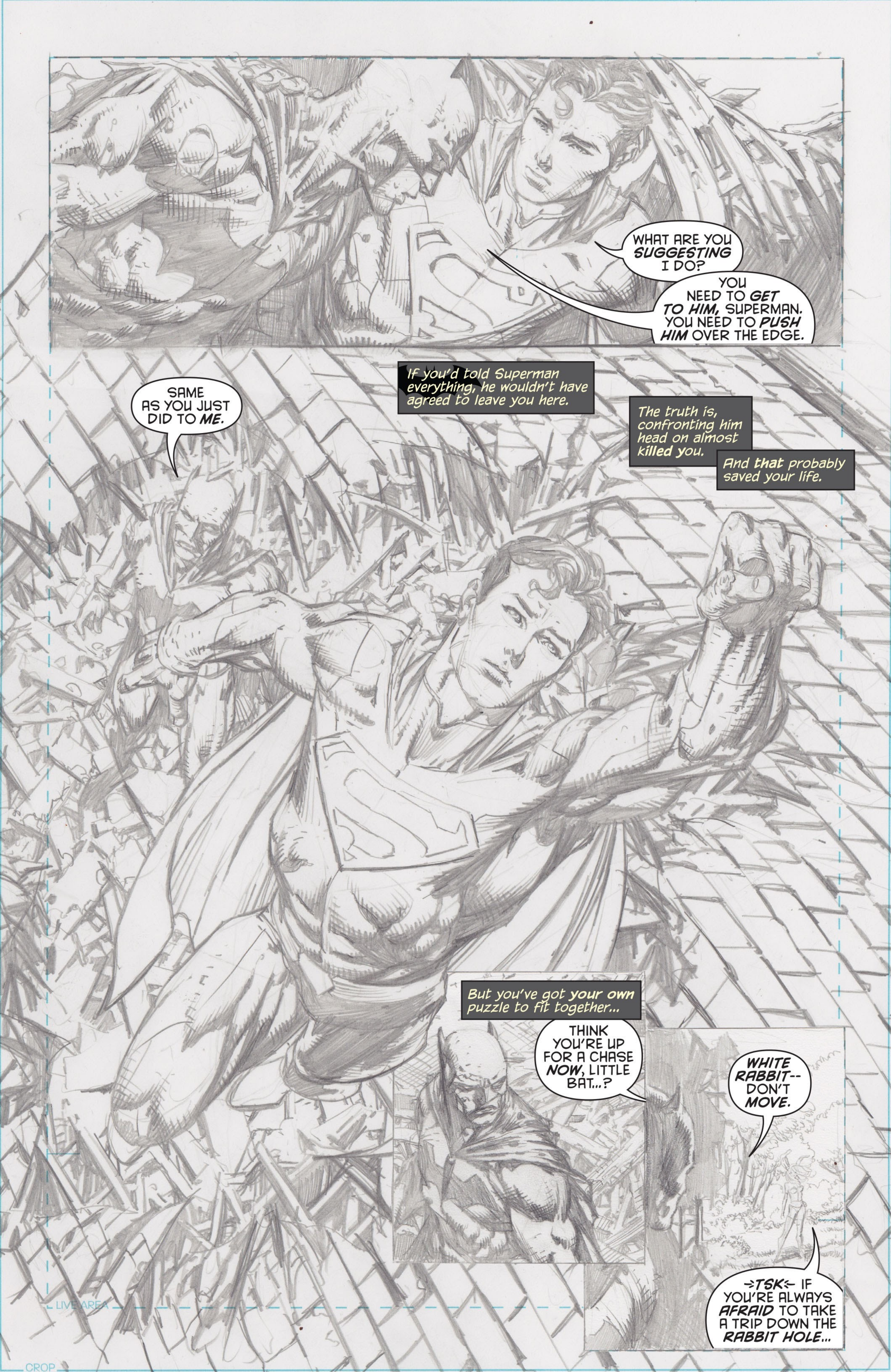
PLEASE... DON'T...

I'M *SORRY*...

...DON'T...

...I--I DIDN'T HAVE ANY CHOICE.
I'M SO SORRY I DID THIS TO YOU.
LIVE AREA
CROP


AAH-UHH... -HGKK-
BATMAN-- YOU'VE BEEN INJECTED WITH A POWERFUL TOXIN!
I'LL GET YOU MEDICAL ATTENTION AS SOON AS I CAN SAFELY MOVE YOU.
...NO TIME...
...YOU'VE GOT TO FIND FLASH...
FLASH? I DON'T UNDERSTAND--
I REALIZED SOMETHING -KOFF- BACK AT ARKHAM... RIGHT AFTER TWO-FACE LET HIS GUARD DOWN. THE BUILDUP OF ADRENALINE REACTED WITH THE TOXIN.
SCARECROW MUST HAVE DESIGNED IT THAT WAY. BUT THE TOXIN DIDN'T HAVE THE SAME EFFECT ON ME... AND I THINK I KNOW WHY.
YOU PUSHED ME PAST MY TIPPING POINT, AND THAT SURGE OF ADRENALINE COUNTERACTED THE DRUG.
RIGHT NOW, FLASH IS TRYING TO OUTRUN THE TOXIN, TO AVOID METABOLIZING IT COMPLETELY.
BUT I THINK HE'S CHARGING IT UP INSTEAD, LIKE A BATTERY.
THAT WOULD MEAN--
THE MOMENT HE RELAXES...
...IT'S GOING TO TEAR HIM APART.
LIVE AREA
CROP


WHAT ARE YOU SUGGESTING I DO?
YOU NEED TO GET TO HIM, SUPERMAN. YOU NEED TO PUSH HIM OVER THE EDGE.
SAME AS YOU JUST DID TO ME.
If you'd told Superman everything, he wouldn't have agreed to leave you here.
The truth is, confronting him head on almost killed you.
And that probably saved your life.
But you've got your own puzzle to fit together...
THINK YOU'RE UP FOR A CHASE NOW, LITTLE BAT...?
WHITE RABBIT-- DON'T MOVE.
-TSK- IF YOU'RE ALWAYS AFRAID TO TAKE A TRIP DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE...
LIVE AREA
CROP